



SATURDAY NIGHT

Vol. 12, No. 12 (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)
Office—36 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, FEB. 4, 1899.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. Whole No. 584

Things in General.

AFFECTION, when tested, too often proves to be much weaker than selfishness. Men are often willing to "lay down their lives" for the women they love when sweet talk, love-letters and gushing poetry are all that is expected of them, but when some real sacrifice is demanded, those who most wildly protest undying affection are often the first to skulk away or fall bitterly against the hardship of their lot. Of nations, even more than of individuals, this is true, and now that Canada, "so loyal as the lips," as someone once said, is likely to have her affection for the Mother Land tested, it may be worth while in advance of the facts to look dispassionately at the situation with a view of making some forecasts as to the result.

This is a supreme moment in the history of British diplomacy. It might not be an exaggeration to say that it is the supreme moment of British diplomacy, for while the United Kingdoms, and later the Empire, have had to face crises where danger and disaster were more imminent, yet, recollecting the changed conditions of the world, the terrible struggle for commercial as well as military and naval supremacy which is going on and year by year becoming accentuated, it is evident that Great Britain must now have the friendship and assistance of the United States or be seriously handicapped, if not defeated, in many of her most gigantic schemes. In Africa and Asia, after many years of diplomacy and the expenditure of untold millions of pounds, the Mother Country sees her way to success if the United States but joins her in holding the other nations at bay. The settlement of the French shore difficulty in Newfoundland, one of the sorest spots in all negotiations with France, is also likely to be effected.

Diligently, cautiously, the ponderous diplomacy of England has worked and waited until the opportunity came. The opportunity was the Hispano-American war. Great Britain's hand kept the European nations from interfering with the United States, just as she now desires the hand of the United States to hold back the same nations while she, Great Britain, settles some accounts which have been long standing. The far-sighted diplomacy which has led Great Britain to encourage the United States to enter into an expansionist policy, the carrying out of which will require the assistance of the British navy, no doubt led to a desire which was almost a command, that Canada should settle her disputes—dispute—in British estimation small, but irritating—with her republican neighbor, now esteemed to be Great Britain's most powerful friend. It is easy to realize how much importance Great Britain attaches to the negotiations which have been going on at Quebec and Washington, though it is doubtful if Great Britain has a just appreciation of the interest Canada takes in these deliberations, not only from a material, but a sentimental point of view.

Put bluntly, Great Britain is anxious that Canada shall not be a source of irritation to the United States lest the much desired but unwritten compact between the two nations may be interfered with by a quarrel between us and our neighbors. Canada, on the other hand, remembers nearly a century and a quarter of inequity and injustice of which the United States has been guilty in her conduct towards her. Great Britain does not always remember that we, who have lived next door to her one-time rebellious child, but now her newly found friend, have felt the unhappiness which the weaker always feel when being continually overshadowed and not infrequently injured or insulted by the stronger. To British diplomatists this feature of the case, even if understood, means nothing, for Great Britain itself has been flouted, insulted and injured by the almost uninterrupted sympathy the United States has shown to Great Britain's enemies. In diplomacy past quarrels of this sort have little or no weight, though Canadians, not having had much to do with international negotiations, of course feel that their vanity should not be sacrificed even for material advantages to themselves.

Is it not possible that we have not yet, when considering this subject, estimated our possible material advantages in a proper way? Remembering only that we are negotiating a treaty with the United States, it is quite likely that we may forget that all the advantages we may derive from arriving at an amicable adjustment of our disputes, may not come from our neighbors. If we felt sure that Great Britain would understand the genuineness of our sacrifices and the real meaning of our sentimental objection to even apparently giving the United States the best of it, I believe the people of this country would be content to let the Yankees crow over us and to feel that we had got a little the worst of it in the negotiations. What we fear mostly is the obtuseness of the Britisher, and this comes to us with the memory of how cheerfully our interests were sacrificed when British diplomatists alone did the consenting when we had sacrifices to make.

No matter how the members of the present Canadian Administration criticized their predecessors for their failure to procure a reciprocity treaty, we all knew when the present negotiations were entered upon that McKinleyism and Dingleyism had made it almost impossible for any trade advantages to be obtained by us. The necessities arising out of extra taxation, owing to the expense of the Spanish war, still further excluded the hope that the United States was in the humor to give us even fair play. If anything were needed to make the task of the Canadian Commissioners absolutely hopeless as to any result that would shed any brilliance upon them, it was the undue elation of the people of the United States because of having conquered a country which could not fight. The madness of militarism having seized the people of the republic, Canada was looked upon as a second Cuba which could be reached for and had at the convenience of the authorities at Washington. If we had been an independent nation, some superficial publicists argue, we would have been treated with consideration. To disabuse our minds of any such dream we have only to follow the newspapers and magazines of the United States in their egotistic maunderings and wild boasts over the result of their fight with Spain, and the farcical Peace Commission which settled the terms without allowing a single protest from the vanquished to have the slightest weight. In view of these facts, Canadians will doubtless bear in mind that now it is our British connection which saves us from attempts being made to treat us as intolerably as was the poor weak thing which the United States has "so gloriously whipped." Of course we know that if the United States had tackled Canada they would have had no Spaniards on their hands, but a virile people who know how to fight and would have fought until they fell in the last ditch. We know, too, that if the present perhaps elusive friendliness for England should fade away and they should make an attempt to annex us, the story would be one which would live forever in history. At the best it would be hard for them, and at the worst, not speaking irreverently, it would be hell for us. Those who look at the whole question thoughtfully and are forgetful of the conditions, will understand that Great Britain being with us at the present crisis means that we shall suffer less than were she standing aloof. She has spent a great deal of money defending us, and what have we given her in return? Trade may generally follow the flag, but to-day we spend more of our money with the United States than we do with Great Britain. It was Great Britain that poured out the capital to make Canada a nation and give her a place on the map. What we have done since then, for ourselves, is not a make-weight as far as she is concerned. Things might have been different if we had started differently, but we accepted her protection at the beginning and we are making use of it now, and those Canadians who say that she has no right to make any demands of us in the present crisis

cannot be considered either loyal or grateful. We hope that the sacrifices shall not be materially serious or such as to damage our self-respect, wound our vanity, or afford cause to our vociferous neighbors for any vast amount of self-congratulation; but no matter what happens, we must believe in the leaders chosen by ourselves and look with stern faces towards the future, which Great Britain can make so splendid for us, and doubtless will help make so glorious if we do our share, and if at such an important moment we prove our loyalty by sacrificing some of our pet prejudices, together, perhaps, with a few material advantages.

Now as regards material advantages! At the outset of these negotiations every boy who had traded a jack-knife, every man who had traded a horse, and every woman who had hunted over barzain counters, thoroughly understood that it seldom happens that the trader and the one traded with both get rich in the same deal. The United States wanted what Canada thinks would be the best of it, and Canada wanted what the United States thought would be the best of it. The men making the deal were thoroughly aware of the necessities of each contracting party; the diplomatic situation was not forgotten; and consequently, though a British Commissioner sat at the table, the fight was really between Canada and the United States, diplomacy preventing the obtrusion of British force.

Out of this what are we to expect? For my own part I have not taken the slightest trouble to discover what was doubtless undiscoverable, the result of the deliberations of the Commission. Those who appreciated the situation at the outset entertained no hopes of any diplomatic triumph for Canada, which, lay, as I have tried to point out, between the upper and nether millstone. In point of jockeying and trading we must admit that the Yankees are quite our equal. They have a facility in bluffing and a tendency to be crooked diplomatically, but our Commissioners are thoroughly versed in this feature of their dealings. We know that they love to brag, and we must be quite sure

thing which is in bright contrast to the selfishness and bragadoles of our neighbors. We need not be afraid that the Home Country does not understand the nature of Uncle Jonathan. It is in the nature of mature diplomacy to always take especial pains to provide for a rupture with the dearest ally, and to provide for the contingencies which would arise if he became the most dangerous enemy. Holding this fact in view, our material advantage seems to be in the direction of following the world-view of British diplomacy, for while we have a right to be as purely selfish as is the United States and to arrange our tariff accordingly, we have no right, and if correctly understood have no interest, in treating Great Britain as if the immediate advantage were the only one to be obtained.

Those who follow Sir Wilfrid Laurier because they love him, will of course accept the treaty he brings home because he had a hand in the making of it. The independent press cannot take this position. It may see where concessions have been made which could have been avoided by refusing to make a treaty at all, but in view of the fact that Great Britain is exceedingly anxious that the treaty should be made, the independent press cannot divest itself of its duties, of its obligations, and its interest in the future, by assuming that Canada could act with absolute independence and utter selfishness in this matter. No matter how independent a journal may be, or a man may be, nationally there must be some allegiance, and if we cannot understand why certain things are done we must ask ourselves the question, Under the circumstances, considering the conditions, could we do it better? If we do not follow Laurier in the matter, to whom must we look? To the Opposition, which did nothing and had no part or responsibility in the matter? Certainly not, for under more favorable auspices they failed to do anything. As citizens of the most important section of the Empire we must ask ourselves what is our loss in any concession which may have been made to the United States, and what is the gain to the Empire? We may not acquiesce for Laurier's sake, but

tary service, and the universal publication of the details of their hezira, will free the minds of the European peasantry from the idea that if they came to this country they would only be escaping from the militarism of one monarchy to be caught in the conscription of another.

There was force in the old argument, as was proven by the millions who accepted the much-vaunted freedom of the republic of the United States instead of coming to Canada, which to the people of Northern Europe should have been quite as attractive as the country to the south of us. The days when the United States was considered the freest country on earth are past. The late war with Spain has done much, in Catholic countries particularly, to breed a new idea of what freedom means to and in the republic. Lynch law, the negro question, the establishment of enormous and oppressive trusts, and a prejudice against aliens, are well understood by the leaders even of the peasantry of Europe. Liberty of conscience, freedom from enforced military service, and ample opportunities to acquire a competence if not a fortune, in Canada, are also better understood than ever before. The Doukhobors have been a great advertisement to this country, and from all accounts, as a people they will be a great acquisition to us, and now that the tide has started to flow in our direction it will likely come with a rush.

Under these circumstances and remembering that these people have suffered terrible persecutions for what they considered righteousness' sake, it will be well if our sectarian propagandists would leave them alone and our prudish and busy-bodies refrain from at once starting an agitation to make the new-comers feel uncomfortable. I cannot see any benefit that would be derived from trying to turn them into Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, etc., but infinite harm would be done by a report going abroad that we had no sooner got these innocent people here than we began to interfere with their religion, or their customs, or even with their exclusiveness. Time will soon bring about all the changes which are desirable, and contact with some of the elements which are criticizing them may also bring about some changes which are undesirable. In the meantime give them a chance to mind their own business till they learn a little something of our language and begin to appreciate the meaning of our government.

THE prospect of establishing a radial system of electrical railroads, reaching a considerable distance into the country and concentrating in Toronto, indicates the immense possibilities of the St. Lawrence market if it is improved as proposed. Practically the whole County of York will be a suburb of this city, which will become more than ever the distributing point of Ontario, and though the roads will do no good to the villages, but rather rob them of trade, they will help Toronto enormously. If they can reach their farms easily by trolley, many prosperous farmers will live within the city limits and let the young folks look after the homestead, and in this way tenants will be brought into town to fill our empty houses, which are already rapidly growing less in number. The city as a place of residence will be much improved when increased facilities are offered for bringing farm products cheaply, in large quantities and without jolting or damage, to a point which can be reached in a few minutes by every resident.

Already, however, some of our over-careful people see in the Toronto Railway's willingness to undertake the building of radial lines, some trick for obtaining a perpetual franchise within the city limits. Of course every precaution should be observed in making the new arrangements, but if the croakers, who are always heard when any enterprise is mooted, have too much to say, they will probably succeed in destroying the whole scheme. If Toronto is unable to take care of itself it ought to have a guardian appointed by the Legislature. If not, these self-appointed advisers should wait until there is some ground for suspicion before starting their opposition.

THE Ontario Legislature is again in session and we may expect a repetition of dull windiness on one-horse topics by men who think they are not earning their indemnity unless they repeat sections of their campaign speeches in connection with every topic which comes up for discussion. Already we have had a taste of what some of these untrammeled orators think about corruption and Grit and Tory cussedness in the by-elections. Would it not be as well, now that the Government have a safe majority, to drop these wearisome harangues? The Government, as well as the private members, seem to be devoid of any startling policy, and though the world is making great progress and Ontario is very largely undeveloped, yet almost all who were elected, either corruptly or otherwise, to administer our affairs, seem to think it is their first duty to talk, their second duty to vote against everything which is not hatched out of their own party egg, and in the third place to propose nothing which the oldest inhabitant has not heard proposed a half a hundred times. Probably it is just as well that the Legislature is so conservative in its instincts, but if there is so little to be proposed or accomplished, there certainly is no reason why the Legislature should meet more than once in two years.

GENERAL MAXIMO GOMEZ, the Cuban patriot, is asking the United States for some \$80,000,000 to reimburse him, his staff, and the officers and men who shouted "Cuba libre" and fought the Spaniards. If it had not been for Gomez and his men Cuba would not have been free from the Spaniards, for they made the rebellion which gave the United States an excuse for interfering. They fought for years, and now they find themselves still further away from possessing the island than they did when they began. Theirs is a hard lot. If all accounts be true, the patriots themselves are a hard lot, but still they deserve something to repay them for the terrible trials which many of them have endured. The United States can hardly bunco them out of the whole thing, but their chances of getting \$87,000,000 are exceedingly poor, though had the United States carried on the campaign for the length of time that the Cubans did, the bill would have been many times greater. The world will look with interest on the settlement which the United States makes with the Cubans. They drove a hard bargain with Spain; now we shall see how generous they are to Spain's victims, with whom they so deeply sympathized.

The Newspaper Club.

BEING AN ORGANIZATION OF CERTAIN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER-WRITERS OF TORONTO AND OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN THIS COLUMN TO SETTLE BY CUMULATIVE DISCUSSION SEVERAL OUT-STANDING AND VEXED QUESTIONS.

What Can We Do With Our Millionaires?

This question has worried the independent man of moderate means, the honest wage-earner, the irreconcilable anarchist, and the genial and much-traveled hobo for lo! these many years, and it is likely to remain unanswered unless the present effort of SATURDAY NIGHT to obtain a satisfactory solution be successful. Personally, I have not been on easy terms of acquaintance with more than a score of millionaires, and I never noticed that any one of them was less careworn than other people, or that his smile was more genial, or his heart warmer towards his fellows than other persons whom I have known whose bank balances lacked two or three "nothings" at the



From flash-light photo by Vise.

Captain, R. Grant.
First Lieutenant, F. Fairbairn.
Second Lieutenant, G. Wright.
Col.-Sergeant, F. Goodchild.
Sergeant, R. Patterson.
Sergeant, R. Roche.
Sergeant, S. Curran.
Corp., G. Hodson.
Pte. W. Boyce.
Pte. A. Buchner.
Pte. J. Campbell.
Pte. E. Cousins.
Pte. A. Elliott.
Pte. G. Ferguson.

Pte. A. Fox.
Pte. W. R. Frankish.
Pte. W. Feasey.
Pte. J. Gilby.
Pte. F. Guy.
Pte. H. Hargrave.
Pte. M. Hyam.
Pte. H. G. Harkin.
Pte. D. Jones.
Pte. J. Kennedy.
Pte. G. Lacy.
Pte. S. Lawless.
Pte. H. Marshall.
Pte. F. McIntyre.

Pte. B. Middleton.
Pte. J. Meredith.
Pte. H. Meredith.
Pte. H. Minns.
Pte. C. Morrow.
Pte. W. H. Painter.
Pte. C. Peterson.
Pte. G. Richardson.
Pte. M. Rowe.
Pte. F. Score.
Pte. H. Stewart.
Pte. J. Stuart.
Pte. W. Stinson.
Pte. G. Whiteside.

Pte. H. Wickett.
Pte. W. Woodward.
Pte. E. Woolley.
Pte. W. Wright.
Pte. W. Williams.
Pte. J. Woodhouse.
Pte. J. Wainwright.
Bugler, E. D. Otter.
A. E. Dobson.
C. Norris.
Y. McFarland.
John Wallis.
J. Smith.
F. Pyne.

Toronto Schoolboys Who Leave To-day for Tampa, Florida.

that if a treaty is the result of the wearisome days of discussion they must have something to brag about. We know, too, that the United States Senate must pass upon the treaty, and the document must be drawn not only with the view of what it may mean to the Commissioners, but with regard to how it will appeal to the Senate. The enormous interests which are organized in the United States so thoroughly as to overpower the legislatures, the judges, and Congress itself, had to be consulted, and the men acting as Commissioners we know have had to keep their own future in sight. And the fact that our Commissioners have kept these people so long at bay, have fought them so long and, as we must believe, so desperately, indicates that the Canadian case has been well looked after.

And what of the Canadian case and the Canadian Commissioners? Their stakes, too, have been high. Our men are not novices. Many years of parliamentary training have accustomed them to their task. They, too, are holding their political futures in their hands. They understand that even in Canada there can be no unanimity with regard to what they may arrive at. The Maritime Provinces are interested mostly in the coal and fishery section of the treaty; Ontario and Quebec in lumber, pulp and the reciprocity clauses; Manitoba's most selfish interests are not in unity with those of the eastern provinces; British Columbia also has diverse interests and is absorbed in the sealing, mining and fishing clauses. Our Commissioners know that if anything of importance is yielded which particularly interests one province, that province will protest, while the other sections of the Dominion will be content; but if other features, seemingly to the advantage of the United States, are placed in the treaty, each province interested will cry out that it has been sacrificed. Canada itself has not such a close communion of interests that any one point of yielding will appeal with the same force to all the electors, so therefore we see a task sufficient to engage the ability of the most prudent and tactful of our people. To me it seems impossible that the whole deal can be made more than passably satisfactory, and all we can hope for is that the Canadians as a people will appreciate the gravity of the situation and the necessity of arriving at a conclusion of some sort.

The hardest thing perhaps that we will have to bear if the treaty assumes the aspect that I imagine, will be the vainglorious boasting of those who accept the temporary triumph over Canada as a settlement of the whole business. On this point we can afford to keep silent, for we are working into a larger scheme than our neighbors have yet contemplated as our policy. We can afford to do this, because it will not pay us to become a second edition of Yankeeedom. Great Britain has never failed us, except when we became too self-sufficient, and we can well afford to look to the United Kingdom for a recognition of some-

certainly he is a poor Canadian that will not do something for the Empire's sake, and a still meaner one who will oppose it simply for a political party's sake.

All this is in anticipation of a treaty of which we know nothing, but of the conditions surrounding the making of which we all know so much. It is expected that within a couple of weeks we shall be told the best terms our Commissioners were able to obtain. Let us make the best of them and not gratify our neighbors by blackguarding our representatives. We may be joyfully disappointed; we may be woefully unable to understand; but life will not end commercially or physically with any of us, no matter what happens, and in all points we must remember the conditions when we judge of the result.

BUSYBODIES and those fussy folks who neglect their own improvement so as to have plenty of time to reform somebody else, are already becoming concerned about the religion and morals of the Doukhobors. Already a newspaper which has no more morals than a billy-goat has said: "A stop must at once be put to these Doukhobor marriages, which consist of nothing but shaking hands and a mutual consent to live as man and wife." If we want to play the Russian act and begin trying to "put a stop" to the simple practices of these devout people, we shall have a trailload of trouble on our hands. Canada has no set form of marriage ceremony, and if the contracting parties accept one another as man and wife in the presence of witnesses as the Doukhobors do, there is no reason why they should not be considered married. Of course it will be necessary to have the marriages registered, and this can in no wise conflict with the religious tenets of these simple people. They consider that they have a right to worship God without the intervention of priests and preachers, and no one but a mediator will propose forcing them to have some special functionary to officiate at their marriages or funerals. It is not the preacher who marries people; they marry themselves. As all the Doukhobors seem to be preachers on their own hook, it would be just as well to let them marry in their own way, with no other civil performance than the purchase of a license and subsequent registration. This would not interfere with their religious scruples and they should easily be made to understand that it was for their own good and for the establishment of the legitimacy of their offspring.

At one time when there was a movement amongst the younger generation in favor of the independence of Canada, the strongest argument used was that Canada, being a colony of a monarchy, was unattractive to emigrants who were anxious to escape from the military despotisms of Europe. The coming to Canada of such large numbers of fugitives from Russian mili-

business end. When I was a boy we were short on millionaires on this side of the big herring-pond, and even in Europe when one nation desired to war with another and wanted the where-with they had to depend upon the Rothschilds and the Barings and one or two others. The genesis of millionaireism on this side of the Atlantic dates from the war across the line between the North and the South, when the gentlemen who supplied the embalmed beef and the fireproof powder to the citizen soldiery were enabled to put six cyphers or more after another numeral that could stand alone. In Ontario there were no millionaires a quarter of a century ago, or, if there were, the crop was small and there were not many in a hill. To-day we are told that there are at least fifty—although I never came across an assessor who was aware of the existence of the species—and what to do with the overburdened gentlemen to hinder them from growing so wealthy that their worldly accumulations will worry them to death is the problem that the sympathetic people who are not possessed of millions are called upon to face. I have not been able to formulate a scheme in this behalf, but I have a friend who is a politician, and who can see as far through a stone fence as any man who doesn't wear X-ray spectacles. Not being a pronounced politician myself, I submitted the proposition to him and asked an opinion from his standpoint. How his face lit up when he heard it and how he did reel off his answer: "Why," said he, "that's dead easy. Let the Local Government establish a second Chamber and put forty of the fifty millionaires in it—twenty Grits and twenty Tories. Keep the other ten for plugging up gaps caused by funerals. Let the two grand old parties look to the chaps in the second chamber for the sines of war in connection with fighting provincial and by-elections—the Grits to furnish the power to Whack Whitney, and the Tories to provide the stuff to Hammer Hardy. In this way the province would be enabled to get more out of the millionaires than they have been able to realize in succession duties." That is one solution, such as it is.

C. Would Plant One On a Farm.

First catch your millionaire. And bear in mind that with a millionaire, as with a Scotchman, much may be done if he is caught young. Judiciously but firmly develop the vicious side of his character by sending him to the public school, and by getting him to join a political party. For this purpose either will do. You may now implant a few salutary virtues, such as contempt of the proletariat, a distaste for conversation, and occasional sobriety. As the youth expands and a regular occupation is deemed advisable, select any easy career, save those of the street car conductor, the curate, and the mining broker, where money is a burden, and brains a luxury. His fortune, by this time, has accumulated to the requisite amount and the useful stage of life is reached. The crying need of the millionaire in our day is the sympathy and regard of his fellow-men. I would, therefore, turn him gently away from our over-crowded cities, and let him loose upon the farm. He becomes at one bound the idol of the state and the hero of the political orators—a down-trodden, tax-eaten, intelligent, industrious farmer. In one year the Government inspectors will have taught him how to hoe barley, to sow cheese and to plant apples. Soon he becomes as familiar with the interior of the registry office as his own house, and the furrows on the land are nothing to the furrows on his brow. From repeated struggles with the implement vendor, the subscription book canvasser and the piano agent, he acquires that ruggedness of character and that variety in the use of epithet which alone fit a man for the battle of life. But he has still some money left, and the community has a right to superintend the obsequies of the last dollar. Now introduce him to the chairman of the mission fund for converting the natives of Boshah to the true faith of Athanasius, and at last you see the finish of the millionaire—a noble and needy agriculturist, one of earth's truest (and poorest) gentlemen, a warning to those of us who linger in the crushing competition of the city, who are cut off suddenly at seventy, and are put through the mill of the newspaper biography.

Grow them or export, says John A. Ewan.

I presume the question is one of those "growing time" problems that are so constantly afflicting deep thinkers these days. Has there been an over-production and are larger markets required? Then, of course, we must look to England. The usual course in such cases is to find out how much the British consumer purchases from abroad and to add "that of this vast total Canada supplies only one-seventy-fourth." Adopting this process I find that Britain does not import millionaires either on the hoof or canned. The enormous opportunity for creating a fresh industry can be instantly appreciated. We can capture a hundred hundredths of the trade at the very inception. A timely warning is in order, however. Great care should be taken as to the quality of millionaires sent to our English cousins. The large, fat variety is not at all in demand, but the nice streaky millionaire with the lean and fat judiciously intermingled will always bring the top price. The cheapness of corn-fed millionaires we need fear no rival. If the industry is to assume any considerable proportions public abattoirs would have to be established, as slaughtering the animals at their homes might be objectionable for various reasons. If it became a practice for families to keep a millionaire around the house there would be no end to the increase of production, for the odds and ends that are now thrown away could be utilized in this way. When the time comes that every old woman has a millionaire in the house Canada will be a prosperous country indeed.

Don—The Confessions of a Millionaire.

As a millionaire myself, perhaps I should have no say in this debate, but I can assure the dear reader that I am as anxious for the uplifting of my class as if I were merely poor but honest. Being immensely rich and thoroughly unscrupulous, I begin to find not only my money, but my society hanging heavily on my hands. I take no pleasure in my big house, for I lose my way in it, and my wife won't let me smoke anywhere except in the attic or in the cellar. True, I've got three umbrellas and a pair of suspenders for each pair of trousers, but I miss the excitement of changing my "galluses" from one pair of "pants" to another, so I am not much ahead. I have gum shoes for each day of the week, but I can't tell what I'm eating, for the grub has French names and I'm taking chances of getting hen's livers when I want potatoes. We never have the dishes I like. Pork and beans, fried mush, pea-soup and buckwheat pancakes are as rare as if we could not afford them. The folks never ask me to ride with them in the carriage, for fear someone on the sidewalk will laugh and say, "There goes old Don. He'd look more at home in a coal cart." Everybody is chasing me to get a piece of my stuff, and I'm getting so suspicious that I'm afraid to do a thing. If we millionaires are to get anything out of having money we ought to combine to make the whole country hump itself. Some of us are at it already, but I'm afraid to sit in, for fear of being squeezed. I don't want to bury my money and simply dig up enough now and then to keep me going; I'd like to invest it. If we'd act together we could put steamers on Hudson Bay, build railroads to it and help Canada, as well as multiply our fortunes by five; we could develop the iron and nickel business, have gold mines galore, factories by the hundred, electric railways till you couldn't sleep, big hotels which would bring tourists by the tens of thousands and make Canada fairly howl with prosperity. The Government should help us, for any sensible man must see that we would be helping the country; but it doesn't do a thing. Why? Envy, my son, envy. The populace, all eager to get rich themselves, take more pleasure out of seeing one millionaire go broke than out of a thousand men getting rich. The people won't let us have a show if they can help it. Legislation to make an investment by us reasonably safe, is howled out of every parliament or municipal council. Poor men attempting what we could easily do, fail, but we are forbidden that the chance may be kept open for those who cannot avail themselves of it. This is why we have to buy charters and smuggle ourselves into progressive schemes, and the country, not being on the watch for us, gets the worst of the deal, while they might have had a better bargain if they had done business direct and had the whole scheme in sight. No, my son; don't worry us about endowing colleges and building churches. The

country can do that for itself. Get the people to give us a chance to lead the procession without being slobbered over, or rotten-egged because we are rich, and we will show you what we can do in developing Canada. We need watching, do we? Then elect bright men to councils and parliaments, instead of poverty-stricken nobodies, who are either too scared to act, want to be bought, or try to make votes by fighting against everything we try to do.

Hugh Clark Wants to Divvy With Them.

As newspaper men we cannot afford to treat the millionaire harshly or rudely. There is no telling what we may come to ourselves. We must treat him gently (and often), and if there is any good in him it ought to come out. I believe in being kind and considerate to all men, and particularly to the man who has a great burden to bear through life. If we knew all, it might appear that some of those millionaires whom we have "in our midst" are so through no fault of theirs. As the poet hath said: "Some are born millionaires; some acquire millions; some have millions thrust upon them." I never was a believer in coercion or prohibition. I would not sanction the forcible dispossession of any poor man's millions. Let us not use drastic measures, but let us rather use the compromise and conciliation policy. Let us gently, but firmly, insist upon relieving him of most of his burden and distribute it evenly upon those of us who are most able to bear it. We know how to "do" our millionaires, but not what to do with them. Still, if we left them a little of their ill-gotten gains there is no doubt that they would be able to "do" for themselves. Until this co-operative system comes into effect we might, without being unduly severe to the few and scattered millionaires of Canada, tax them according to their wealth. The average millionaire must have doubts as to his financial standing when he gazes at his assessment schedules.

John Lewis Tries to Entice Them up a Dark Lane.

Why is this question raised at all? Why not leave the millionaire alone? Why is he made a shining mark for succession taxes, philanthropic schemes and newspaper discussions? Perhaps because, deep down in the human heart, there is a conviction that the millionaire's money does not really belong to him. Of millionaires, in the sense of men who actually "make" one or more millions, who add to the wealth of the human race to that extent, there are very few. Columbus was one of these millionaires by merit; the inventor of the steam engine, the printing press, of farm and milling machinery, explorers of new lands, pioneers of various kinds, may be put in the same category. But with us a millionaire means simply a person who has gathered one or more millions, acquired that much power to command the labor of other men. Hence he is regarded as the winner in a game which most of us would like to play at; and his pile is looked upon as a fair mark for the philanthropic or predatory games of other people. The wide arena in which money is made is practically beyond reach of the law; it is a state of war that prevails there, and the maxim is "that they shall take who have the power, and they shall keep who can." I decline to answer the question what to do with our millionaires. But if any millionaire will communicate with me privately, care of SATURDAY NIGHT, I will introduce him to a number of good things in the way of investment, endowment, philanthropy, etc., and I will undertake, for a fair remuneration, to manage these schemes myself, and protect the millionaire from a lot of greedy people who are merely looking for his money.

Adolphe Smith of the Bobagegon Ind. Thinks the State Should Act.

The up-to-date answer to the question before the club would be similar to that of What can we do with our children? Don't have any. A system of society that produces millionaires is obviously a bad one. We ought not to have millionaires, but having them, certainly something should be done with them. A few might be used at Sunday school conventions as horrible examples of evil passions, for we are not assured on the highest authority that over the entrance to the heavenly choir is written, "The rich man cannot enter." The poor devils really deserve our pity, for while their ultimate doom has been placed beyond a doubt, the members of this club, innocent of riches, will be ushered to orchestral chairs and given their choice of the golden harps. On these grounds, the highest grounds of morality, and the welfare of the community, the state should relieve the millionaires of their ill-gotten gains and enjoin them to go in peace and sin no more. Of course the millionaire might object. He can reasonably claim the protection of the laws as they are, and while he lives and the present laws exist he is entitled to it. When he dies, the compact ceases; all he possesses rightfully belongs to the state from which it was legally stolen. The amount that his labors were justly worth should be given to his family, and the balance retained for the uses of the state. The only value of wealth is the amount of happiness it will produce. Twenty-five cents properly applied will for an evening make a man as happy as a king; then who wants a million? Gentlemen, the dryness of this club is distressing. I move that a few of our millionaires be made honorary members of the club on a trifling fee of a few thousands, such fees to form a refreshment fund for the invigoration of this club in particular, and generally for the advancement of universal good fellowship.

Millionaires Should "Collect" Geniuses, says Mack.

resp. It is evident that somebody must do it, and we may not always be able to get Doukhobors. The millionaire should remember that these colleges which accept of his bounty may begin any day to teach political economy and sociology. Why should he not rather become the patron of genius, as Bro. Smith suggests? The genius can never be his rival, but may easily be made his apostle. In olden times the nobleman's kitchen stood wide open to minstrel and painter, and mark how these nobles survive in song and on canvas. The millionaire could say to the poet: "Here you—my lawyers will pay you \$500 per annum while you live. Go dwell on the hill-tops and write what your soul, not your stomach, inspires you to." To the prose writer he could say: "I will grant you an annuity of \$2,000—you are a genius, go and work at it. Write the Book you dream of. Adorn the age in which you live. Travel, and (to the voice) if you see anything in my line, wire me." The artist could paint the ideal of his soul—emancipated genius would set the world a-throb, and the millionaire would not miss the money so spent.

Franklin Endashy regards them as Social Scenery.

When we ask what to do with the millionaire, I conceive we mean: How can we get his money? Succession duties are futile, taxes are evadable; and yet the millionaire owes something to the country which helped him to accumulate his wealth. The favorite way of bleeding the millionaire has been to persuade him to endow colleges, hospitals, churches and asylums. One of the deep thinkers in this column suggests that he should also endow indigent geniuses so they can set the magazine editors at defiance and write only as their souls please. If the millionaire can be used in this way to refine literature, why not use him similarly to elevate the stage and help deserving soubrettes? The endowment idea is hackneyed. As a matter of fact, we need spend no restless nights over the millionaire problem. It will take care of itself. Most of our millionaires boast that they were barefooted boys with no seats to their trousers. A healthy, well-aerated youth like that means a vigorous constitution and a large family. I am not aware that millionaires of our generation have any lack of heirs or heiresses. It is only when foreign culture encroaches that the clergy have to take care of the birth-rate. I have not expressed myself clearly if you don't catch my meaning—that the next generation will see the millionaire's wealth divided into

six parts and the generation after that into thirty-six parts. When it becomes as fractional as that the state will see that it is still further diminished by the inevitable taxes and local improvement rates. The only thing we need to do is to help it along by a strict mandatory law against entail or the rights of primogeniture.

Let us give the millionaire a chance. Mountains exist in nature chiefly to diversify the landscape. We wouldn't remove the mountain, though we may tunnel it for commercial purposes. The millionaire is the mountain in the social landscape. Let us bless him as a piece of scenery, and if we find him a little uppish when we run against him, let us remember that mountains are uppish anyway. If we are really anxious to ameliorate the millionaire let us begin right here in Toronto. There is, I believe, a Guild of Civic Art in this city. Let it take our millionaires in hand and teach them that the whole of art is not to buy pictures by the yard and statuary by the pound.

Social and Personal.

THE marriage of Dr. Overton Grant Macdonald of 329 College street, son of the late Grant Macdonald, and Miss Adelaide Sullivan, daughter of the late Robert Sullivan, barrister, and granddaughter of the Rev. Dr. Scadding, and of the late Hon. Robert Baldwin Sullivan, judge of the court of Queen's Bench, took place at Holy Trinity church on Wednesday afternoon, at three o'clock, Rev. John Pearson, D.D., assisted by Rev. Arthur Baldwin, great-uncle of the bride, being the officiating ministers. The guests who witnessed the ceremony were almost all relatives and connections of the bride and groom, the invitations being nearly all confined to members of their families. The church was still decorated as for the festival season, the decorations being left up for this wedding by permission of the rector. Mr. Blackburn presided at the organ, and the choir rendered a fine choral service. Miss Sullivan's bridal gown was of *moire velours, en train*, and her only ornament was a diamond and pearl star, the gift of the groom, which was worn on the collar. The veil was of *tulle* and worn with orange blossoms. The bridal bouquet was of white roses and maidenhair. Miss Moss was the only bridesmaid, gowned in white organdie, with insertions of valenciennes lace on bodice, sleeves and skirt; a large white picture hat with plumes, and a belt and sashes of pale green completed her costume, and her bouquet was of white carnations and ferns. A page and little maiden completed the bride's party; Master Tom Moss was the page, in a smart Eton suit, and little Miss Adelaide Moss the attendant maid, in white organdie, with yellow sash, large white hat, and basket of daisies. Mr. H. H. Gildersleeve of Kingston was best man. Judge Moss gave away the bride. The ushers were: Mr. C. M. Shanley, Mr. J. H. Moss, Mr. J. D. Falconbridge and Mr. J. F. Baldwin. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother, and after congratulations and refreshments, Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald left by the five o'clock train for a tour in the Eastern States. Among the guests invited, a few of whom were unable to be present, were: Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge, Justice and Mrs. Moss, the Misses Moss, Justice and Mrs. Street, Mrs. Tom Moss, Dr. and Mrs. Edmund Baldwin, Mrs. Baldwin of Masqueth, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Baldwin, the Bishop of Huron and Mrs. Baldwin, Miss Gildersleeve, Mr. and Mrs. Gildersleeve of Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. Gildersleeve of Montreal, parents of the best man; Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Grant Macdonald of Nelson, B.C., Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Johnstone, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Johnstone, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. Crawford Scadding, Mr. and Mrs. Vere Brown, Dr. and Mrs. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. R. Labatt of Hamilton, Miss Ermattinger of St. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Anglin, Dr. and Mrs. Tyrrell, Miss Etta Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston, the Misses McCutcheon, Dr. and Mrs. Miss Pearson, Major and Mrs. Rivers of Ottawa, Miss Bittam of Galt, Mr. Henry Bethune. On their return Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald will reside at 329 College street.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin-Jones received a large party of young people and a few young married folks at their fine mansion, Llawhaden, in north St. George street, on the evening of January 26. It was eminently the dancing set in young Toronto's smartest and prettiest circle which foregathered at Llawhaden on Thursday week, and one glance through the beautiful home, with its suite of rooms thrown into one and its inlaid floors shining temptingly, convinced everyone that dancing was to be enjoyed under the most favorable auspices. The south balcony was converted into a promenade, and a buffet loaded with delicious "cup" and many concoits in the cake line was set therein, of which the dancers enjoyed the full benefit. The drawing-room was lighted softly by many electric devices; in the west windowed recess the crimson and blue and white-bulbs glowed amid green foliage like some enchanted fairy fruits. Everywhere flowers were plentifully placed, and the air was sweet with their perfume. Mrs. Melvin-Jones, in a rich turquoise blue velvet gown bordered with ermine and most beautifully trimmed, received in the library, presenting her married guests to Mrs. Fred Massey, who, with her genial husband, was over on a visit to Euclid Hall from old London. The host was, as usual, the soul of hospitality, and Miss Melvin-Jones, who usually bears much of the responsibility to relieve her mother, was a kind, thoughtful girl, much more intent on ensuring a pleasant time to her friends than on her own enjoyment. A very lovely white dress of rich material and exquisite design was her costume, and the preoccupied air of a young hostess alternated with the flash of girlish fun which she always enjoys. On every side bombarded with compliments and flattery, it is well she has a well-balanced judgment and a proper valuation of the *badinage* of the social butterfly. A Llawhaden supper has its reputation to sustain, and at each party given in the house seems to excel its predecessors. Sparkling wine and odoriferous flowers, dainty edibles and careful service are the rule. The comfortable quartette tables held party after party of young folks, snatching a quarter of a fleeting hour to take something good to eat and drink, and being hurried back to the dance and waiting partners. It was veritably "all hours" before these insatiable young dancers of '99 could make up their minds to go home and the lights went out on the scene of what is said to be the prettiest dance given this season. The music, by the Italian orchestra, was simply perfection, and the floor in a condition not to be improved upon. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Smith, Mr. and Mrs. James Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Irish, Mr. and Mrs. McDowell Thompson, Mrs. W. H. Brouse, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Miss Van Ransselaer, Dr. and Mrs. Charlie Temple, Miss Waldie, Mr. James Crowther, Mr. Arthur Vankoughnet, Miss Jessie Rowland and Miss Hankey, Miss May Kirkland, Miss Zulu Buchanan, Dr. Hardy, Miss Dwight, Miss Florence McArthur, Miss Erie Temple, Mr. Reggie Temple, Miss Sasha Young, The Misses Bain, Mr. and Mrs. George, Mr. Hugo Ross, Mr. Don Ross, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, Mr. Boyd Magee, Mr. Lister, Mr. and the Misses Michie, Miss Mabel Lee, Miss Cox and Miss Leverich, Captain Van Ingen, Mr. and the Misses Mortimer Clark, Mr. and Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mr. and Miss Mitchell, Mr. and Miss Birdie Warren, Miss Helen Armstrong, Mr. Finucane, Miss Brouse, the Misses Montgomery, Mr. and Miss Helen Cattamach, Messrs. Cosby, Captain Tassie, Miss Bessie Bethune, Messrs. and Miss Marion Barker, Miss Begg, Mr. and Miss Wisner, Mr. and Miss Somerville, Mr. Campbell Sweeney, Mr. Griffin, Mr. J. S. Johnstone, Mr. Morley Whitehead, Miss May Walker, Miss Mackay of Dundonald, Miss Jones, Mr. Murray Woodbridge, Mr. Castell Hopkins, Mr. Robotham, Miss Chadwick, Major D. M. Robertson, Miss Madge Davidson, Mr. Harbottle, Mr. R. Drummond, Mr. Casey Wood, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Charlie Lee, Mr. Kavanagh, Miss Haines, the Misses Matthews, the Misses Temple, Mr. W. McC. Warden, Mr. J. Kerr Osborne, Mr. Kelly Evans and Mr. Hood.

Mrs. Balfour is residing at 381 Manning avenue and receives on Fridays. The marriage of Miss Grace Stewart, sister of Professor Lou Stewart of Toronto University, and Mr. David T. Forbes of Calgary took place last week at Calgary. Miss Grace Stewart made many friends here during a visit with her sister, Mrs. Arthur Denison, some time ago.

Mrs. McKellar of 61 Wellesley street is giving a dance next Wednesday in honor of her guests from Berlin and the States.

WM. STITT & CO.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

Cloths and Tweeds for Tailor-Made Gowns
Handsome Duchess Satins, Brocades, Embroidered Chiffons
and All-over effects for Dinner and Evening Gowns.

MILLINERY

GLOVES—Special for This Month

8 in. length Undressed Kid Gloves, in all colors, regular \$1.50 for 75c.
6 in. length, regular \$1.25 for 50c.
2-clasp Gloves, with fancy stitchings, \$1.00.
Evening Gloves in all the newest shadings and tints.
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Lined Gloves a specialty.

Paris Kid Glove Store

Tel. 888

11 & 13 King Street East, Toronto

PANTECHNETHECA WHITE CHINA

We have just finished stock-taking and have placed a lot of very desirable pieces on the

HALF-PRICE TABLE

These are all perfect, but ends of lines that we do not purpose reordering.

116 YONGE ST.

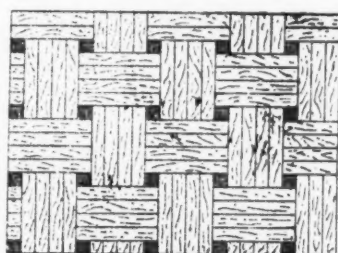
Are You Thinking of Diamonds?

Our prices—our phenomenally close prices—on Diamonds are made possible simply because we select every stone personally from the hands of the men who actually cut them in Amsterdam.

It has taken years of experience and accumulation of capital to enable us to attain this position, but it has been attained, as our diamond values testify.

Ryrie Bros.
TORONTO

Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Sts.



IN connection with our parquet floors we sell all necessary preparations for laying and finishing them. Special wire nails, wood filler polishing wax, polishing brushes, restorer, etc.

We also sell Bletcher's Boston Polish to those who prefer it.

The ELLIOTT & SON CO.
LIMITED
40 King Street East, Toronto

Dunlop's

Facilities for the filling of orders for every kind of decorations or artistic floral work are unexcelled.

Unique Designing

is one of the special branches of our business.

Class or College Symbols

Floral work are prepared on short notice at any hour.

Flowers are shipped to any point between Calgary and Halifax, and good condition on arrival guaranteed.

5 King West

445 Yonge St.

Andirons

In BRASS and WROUGHT IRON

Fire Sets, Fenders, Coal Vases

NEWEST DESIGNS

Rice Lewis & Son

LIMITED

Cor. King and Victoria Streets

TORONTO

ATTO
DRY GOODS ONLY

Exceptional Features
OF OUR NEW
Cambric Underwear

NOW DISPLAYED ON
FIRST FLOOR:

- Finest Materials
- Perfect Cut
- Felled Seams
- Double-stitched
- Pearl Buttons
- Extra Fullness
- New Styles
- Moderate Prices

JOHN CATTO & SON
KING STREET
Opposite the Post Office
TORONTO

Always the Same

Kemp's popular
Granite
and...
Diamond

Enamelled Ware never varies in quality. Each piece bearing these labels is guaranteed.

They stand the fire—don't chip and burn out quickly like poor kinds—are perfectly pure and wholesome, and can be had from almost any dealer.

Better try them—they don't cost more.

Kemp Mfg Co., Toronto

THE Teas, Luncheons and Receptions served by Geo. S. McConkey, 27 and 29 King St. West, are in the daintiest form and are perfections of the Caterer's art.

Jay
the
Florist...

438
SPADINA
AVENUE

Extends a cordial invitation to you to visit his premises, where he is now showing a choice assortment of Spring Flowers, such as *Chionodoxa*, *Tulips*, *Violets* and *Roses*.

Scotch Irish and Canadian Whiskies

Sovereign Remedies for LA GRIPPE

GEO. W. COOLEY
567 Yonge Street
Telephone 3089

BETTER THAN EVER

Without doubt the finest and most completely fitted Turkish Baths in Canada can now be found at

304 King St. West.
Mr. Cook's ambition to surpass anything on this continent will no doubt be appreciated by the Toronto and out of town patrons who frequent this establishment.
Mr. Cook has added to his Turkish Baths the most improved methods in the Russian and Vapor baths. There is no doubt will be very popular, being run under the same charges as before, viz., Day, 75c.; Evenings, between 6 and 10 p.m., 50c. Night baths, \$1.00, which includes sleeping accommodation.

Successful Catering

requires a large stock, long experience and ample facilities. The fact that we have all of these makes it easy to give complete satisfaction.

No order is too large and none too small to receive faithful attention.

The HARRY WEBB CO.
LIMITED
TORONTO

Social and Personal.

THE Convocation Hall and Bencher's rooms at Osgoode were filled with a very pretty crowd of young dancing folks and an unusually large and important number of chaperones on last Friday evening, when the Football Club gave a dance, which is the only festivity to be recorded at Osgoode this season. The flat has gone forth that the annual Osgoode dance is a thing of the past, and therefore the smart folks who love the legal pile and enjoy its hospitality made haste to secure to themselves and their sisters, cousins and aunts the necessary pasteboards for the unprecedented gathering of last week, which achieved a smartness and success even beyond the expectations of its promoters, who had hard work to adhere to the limit set for their invitations. The opening quadrille was led by Mrs. Hardy and Mr. Emilius Irving, among the other guests of honor being: Judge and Mrs. Lister, Judge and Mrs. Falconbridge, Judge and Mrs. Moss, Judge and Mrs. Rose, Judge and Mrs. McLennan, Miss Biggar and her friend and visitor, Miss MacMahon, and Mr. Kimsley, A.D.C. The young men of the committee deserve much praise for their untiring and thoughtful care for the comfort and happiness of their large party of guests. Convocation Hall was the *salle de danse*, with the gallery for those who wanted to sit out and watch the dancers, the dais for the stately circle of patronesses and the musicians, the corridor beyond the hall for an extra set or so of lancers and a small buffet, and the handsome chambers of the Bencher's for those who cared neither for the dance nor the insidious gossip, nor were in need of the frisky lemonade, but loved best a quiet *tele-a-tete* in cosy arm-chairs and away from the crowd. A caterer served a light lunch in the usual room downstairs, and for the guests of honor the boys had a dainty small supper, where were much fun and a gathering of grantees, with here and there a dainty maiden, some one's particular charge, or a visiting belle who was specially favored. Mrs. Hardy wore black brocade and rose point bertha, Miss Biggar a pale blue gown of broad silk and chiffon, Miss MacMahon white silk, Miss Mary DuMoulin white with cerise ribbons, her hostess, Miss Marion Laidlaw, pale blue and white brocade. Miss Kirkland wore pink and black, her handsome mother chaperoning her in a very smart black gown, with jet embroideries and a corsage bouquet of crimson roses. Among the young married folks were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. James Bain, Mrs. and Mrs. Harry Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Dewar, Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson, M. and Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere, Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, Mrs. McIntyre and Mrs. Plunkett Magann. Mrs. Magann brought those charming French-Canadian, the Mesdemoiselles Josette and Corinne Prairie, and there was a French-speaking corner of Convocation Hall, where some wonderful linguistic efforts were made by ambitious second year men to ingratiate themselves with *les jolies Canadiennes*. "Je suis very sorry je ne comprend pas French," was the valiant utterance of a serious married man, who, however, said more with his eyes than that. A much admired guest was Mrs. Gilmore of Ottawa, who is blonde, with exquisite neck and shoulders, and wore black, with strands of cut jet and velvet for sleeves; heads turned after her everywhere as she passed. Miss Sybil Seymour was very beautiful in a simple white gown, and Miss Maude Hendrie of Hamilton was also a belle, in pink silk and white satin *jupes*, with a perfect aureole of soft dark hair about her *mignon* face. Graceful as the flight of a swallow is Miss Clare Geary's dancing; in fact, at the dance at Llawhaden, in her deep black frock, she reminded everyone of the cliff-dweller, whose flash of graceful flight gives one but a hint of his presence. At Osgoode Miss Geary was in rose muslin. Miss Marie McDonnell was bright and sparkling in rich yellow brocade. Among the chaperones, Mrs. Lister's toilette of white satin brocade with deep green velvet trimmings and pearls, and a white aigrette in the *coiffure*, was very becoming. Mrs. Moss also wore a very rich brocade, yellow, and softened with handsome lace. Mrs. Mackenzie of Sarnia wore black, relieved with white chiffon, the corsage strapped with velvet. By the way, an amusing and confusing likeness was discovered between our new judge in St. George street and genial Dr. Sylvester. One at either end of the hall, it puzzled many who do not know both equally well, to tell 't'other from which. The judge and the doctor can easily prove an *alibi* any time they want to. Invalids and criminals must take their observations keenly to identify the particular gentleman who holds their life in his hands.

Some of the young people at the Osgoode dance were: Miss Osler, Miss Buchanan, the Misses Mackenzie of Sarnia, the Misses Lamont, the Misses Wilkes, Miss Amy Seton Thompson of Niagara Falls, Miss Rose, Miss Boulton, Miss Moss, Miss Emily Falconbridge, the Misses Montzambert, the Misses White, Miss Flaws, Miss Helen Strange, Miss King, Miss Mamie McDonnell, Miss Enid Worrum, Miss Barker, Miss Burns, Miss Edith Smith, Miss Kathleen Pardoe of Sarnia, Miss Mabel Lee, Miss Helen Macdonald, Miss Plumb, the Misses Michie, Messrs. Oler, Thompson, Joe Thompson, W. Smith, Atkinson, Merrick, DeLisle, Lister, Fox, Geary, Macpherson, W. Muir, J. E. Fisher, Drummond, F. Atkinson, S. Alfred Jones, Philip Palen, Bowbridge of Ottawa, King, Lee, Biggar, Dr. Hardy, and many others.

Miss Amy Seton Thompson is visiting at Thistledeale, the guest of the Misses Wilkes.

Mrs. George Blaikie received on Monday and Tuesday at her pretty home in Rosedale, 48 Elm avenue. Pretty does not seem a word justly descriptive of the charming little *salon*, the cosy library,

the artistic hall, with its miniature colonial pillars and winding stair, the dining-room, beautifully finished and furnished, which opening, one into the other, led admiring guests into unstinted praise. Certainly Mrs. Fred Campbell and Mrs. George Blaikie may congratulate themselves upon the *menages* which are arranged for their happy supervision. Mrs. Blaikie received in a white gown, and was assisted in the busy hours by Miss Blaikie, in her dainty rose bridesmaid's frock. Mrs. Frederick Campbell, Miss Weatherston and some others were in the dining-room, where a lovely decoration of roses and a dainty table greeted the visitors, and where the rare taceups of fragrant tea, the bride-cake with its "matrimony" of seductive almond paste and the ministrations of the sweet young matron and her attendant maids made them linger longer than etiquette demanded. Anyone who has spent jolly hours in the Jarvis house, when Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis and their popular young folks lived here, would find every idea of location and association turned upside down when they looked with admiring wonder at the transformation of the house into the present delightful abode of an end-of-the-century bride. Again must Toronto be congratulated that the mistress of the home in Elm avenue, and her sister bride in Lowther avenue, had the good taste and judgment to continue Toronto at its residence, with fine young Toronto men as the suitable accompaniments. Miss Weatherston and Mr. Frank Blaikie are to be married on next Tuesday week.

Athelstane was the Mecca of many a pretty pilgrim on Monday, when Mrs. Somerville and her fair young daughter, with the *mignon* daughter-in-law-elect, Miss Mae Moffatt, and that very nice girl, Miss Mackenzie of Sarnia, were a house-party welcoming callers in perfect fashion. Tales of sickness at home and abroad are what one hears now everywhere when paying calls. Mr. Hugh Macdonald is a victim of grippé. Miss Emily Cattanch is recovering from quite a sharp attack. Mr. Grayson Smith is able to be out again. Mr. and Mrs. Vaux Chadwick have taken a house in Huron street, No. 107, where they will be settled after the fifteenth of this month.

Mr. W. H. Lamont, the popular secretary of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, has been laid up for the last two weeks with a bad attack of the grippé. He is now convalescent and will soon be out again.

Miss Louise Jones left on Monday for New York, where she will visit Mrs. Hudson, whom many persons will remember to have been with her husband on a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Jones here some years ago.

On Monday evening many society people and other lovers of music responded to Miss Alice Cummings' intimation that she would give a piano recital in St. George's Hall at a quarter after eight o'clock. Mrs. Frank MacKeehan of Hamilton assisted her former fellow-citizen, for Miss Cummings was formerly a resident of the city which has ambitions. Miss Spring, a new violinist, pleased everyone with her fine playing. Miss Cummings' artistic and exquisite interpretation of difficult selections charmed all her hearers.

Mrs. George Hees and Miss Bessie Hees are enjoying a very delightful visit to friends in New York. Their friends here are looking forward impatiently to their return home.

Miss Minnie Morgan of Hamilton is the guest of Mrs. Arthur Croil in Simcoe street.

Miss Morison of Owen Sound is the guest of Mrs. Christie, 26 Bloor street west.

On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Woodward of 1 Churchill avenue gave a progressive games party at their residence in honor of the birthday anniversary of Mrs. Woodward's sister, Miss Lillian Beam of Ossington avenue. The victorious players were Mr. Leach and Miss Edwards, who carried off the first prizes, Miss Ross and Mr. Wilkinson gained second prizes, while the booby prizes fell to Mr. Walker and Miss Sinclair. Some charades, cleverly acted, followed the decision and a nice supper was served to the guests, who numbered about twenty-five.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Totten, Mr. and Mrs. James, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, Judge and Miss Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston, are some of the people who have made their home at the Queen's this winter.

On Tuesday morning at St. Peter's cathedral, Peterboro', a pretty wedding was celebrated. Ven. Archdeacon Casey performed the ceremony, which united Mr. O'Connell, a rising young barrister of the town, to Miss M. E. Mahony, daughter of Mr. Thomas Mahony. The choir, of which the bride was a member, assisted in the service. The bride, who was gowne'd in cadet blue ladies' cloth, with garniture of white chiffon and satin, and wore a charming picture hat, was attended by Miss Maud Kelly. The groomsmen was Mr. Duncan Cameron of Toronto. The usual wedding breakfast and informal reception preceded the embarkation for Buffalo, New York and other points of interest. Among the guests present from a distance were: Mr. and Mrs. Green-shields of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty and Mr. Lee of Toronto.

Among the guests at the bar dinner held at the Rossin House on Thursday night, were: The Judges of the Court of Appeal, the Judges of the High Court, Hon. William Mulock, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Hon. George W. Ross, Hon. J. T. Garrow, Mr. J. P. Whitney, Dr. Montague, M.P., Mr. Emilius Irving, Hon. S. H. Blake, Messrs. B. B. Osler, E. F. B. Johnston, A. B. Aylesworth, Wallace Nesbitt, C. Ritchie, A. H. Marsh and Leighton McCarthy, M.P.

In the modern "Love Chase" ۞ ۞ ۞

Nasmith's **CHOCOLATE BON-BONS** play an important part

"Name on Every Piece"

Will mail on receipt of price 1 lb. box, 60c.; 2 lb. box, \$1.20; 3 lb. box, \$1.80; 4 lb., \$3.00

THE NASMITH CO., LIMITED
51 King Street East - 53 King Street West - TORONTO

Fownes' High Class Gloves

DURABILITY and RELIABILITY

Members of the Royal families demand Fownes' celebrated high class Kid Gloves.

This is a Guarantee of Their Worth

Two of their best lines are sold in Canada—the DAGMAR and PREMIER. Perfect shades, perfect fitting, perfect satisfaction.

RELIABLE DEALERS SELL THEM

Society at the Capital.

On Thursday last a little party from Government House, including Lady Sybil Beaulieu, Mrs. Drummond and Capt. Graham, went down to Montreal to attend the musical event of the season, the Sembrich-Plancon concert. Mrs. Hutton and Capt. Bell were also of the number. Mrs. Gillespie Muir, who was a visitor in town last week, entertained the party at five o'clock tea, and in the evening Mr. Clouston was the host at a jolly little dinner party in their honor.

After the concert Mr. Fry-Davies arranged a supper party at the Kennels, to which the *déle* of Montreal's smart world were bidden to meet the distinguished guests. The party returned to Ottawa on Friday in a special car.

Lt.-Col. Vidal, who is in command of the R.E.C.I. at Fredericton, is expected with his charming wife, in town this week. Lt.-Col. Vidal is to fill Major Cartwright's position on the headquarters staff during the latter's absence in Kingston. Mrs. Vidal, who was formerly a Miss Taschereau, is a sister of Mrs. J. Pope and a niece of Mr. Justice Taschereau. Mrs. Vidal is extremely popular here as in Fredericton, and her arrival is being much looked forward to.

At what was generally conceded to be one of the jolliest dances of the month, Miss Bessie Blair made her entrance into Ottawa society on Thursday evening. The house occupied by the Minister of Railways and Canals is excellently adapted for entertaining, and on this occasion, despite the many people present, there was no undue crowding. Assisted by her husband, Mrs. Blair, handsomely gowned, extended a warm welcome to the arrivals in the cosy library. In the drawing-room dancing took place to the music of an excellent orchestra. Throughout the evening ices and lemonade were to be had at a buffet. Shortly after eleven supper was served in the dining-room. Miss Bessie Blair, the *debutante* of the evening, wore white silk. Miss Blair was in blue silk and chiffon. Mrs. C. J. Smith is to be the hostess at a dance on Friday evening in honor of her pretty visitor, Miss Bowen of Philadelphia.

The world and his wife are on the *qui vive* over the ball to be given on Thursday evening by the members of the Ottawa Golf Club. As the club numbers among its members any number of well known hosts and hostesses, the affair is sure to be a complete success.

The success of Mr. Gill's skating party last week is the *raison d'être* of another one to come off this week. The prospective hostesses are Mrs. C. A. Eliot, Miss Le Moine, Miss Macleod Clarke and Miss Hamilton.

Rideau Hall was the rendezvous for the smart world on Saturday afternoon, when the third of the series of skating parties took place. His Excellency and the Countess of Minto spent most of the afternoon on the pretty little rink, entering heartily into the waltzes and lancers. Lady Minto wore a very becoming skating costume of red with sable trimmings. In the tea-room of the skating pavilion tea, coffee and mulled claret were to be had during the afternoon. The many present included: Lady Grant, the Misses Grant, Lady Davies, Miss Davies, Lady Ritchie, the Misses Ritchie, Hon. Mr. Blair, Mrs. Blair, the Misses Blair, General and Mrs. Hutton, Capt. Bell, Col. Foster, Mrs. Gwynne, Mrs. Crombie, Miss Crombie, Mr. and Mrs. Schreiber, Mr. and Mrs. Beard, Mr. Justice and Madame Lavergne, Miss Lavergne, Mr. and Mrs. A. Z. Palmer, Miss Patteson (Toronto) and very many others.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood, the Toronto artist, who has been spending some weeks in town, left for home on Monday.

Mrs. Hutton has sent out cards for a dance to come off at Earnscliffe on Monday, February 13.

The engagement is this week announced of Miss Amy Stuart, daughter of the late Colonel Stuart, to Mr. Baron of Golden, British Columbia, son of Lieut. Colonel Bacon.

Major General Hutton left on Tuesday for Toronto, where he will spend a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold McGivern sail on Wednesday from New York for London, where they will spend some weeks.

Ottawa, Jan. 31, '99.

Telephone 1858
And make an appointment if you want

A Face or Body Massage, Superficial Hair, Moles, etc., removed, a Scalp treatment, Form Development treatment, your Hands or Feet treated.

Telephone your order for any of The Princess or Mrs. Graham's preparations and they will be delivered quickly to any part of the city; or if you want our books, "Health and Good Looks" and "About the Hair" mailed to you.

Graham Dermatological Institute
41 Carlton St., Toronto

Don't Experiment ...With Drugs

It will pay you to cease experimenting with substitute articles. It has always been our first aim to handle only the purest drugs money can purchase. You may rely upon it that when we put up your prescription you get exactly what your physician called for and only that. **Your doctor knows this—ask him.**

Hooper's Meloderma

for chapped hands, roughness of the skin, &c., is having an immense sale just now. Try a bottle.

3 sizes—25c., 50c., and \$1.00

HOOPER & CO.

43 and 45 King Street W.

Tel. No. 536

"Hooper's for purity and prompt despatch."

Tidy ...the Florist

is making some very handsome Baskets for Afternoon Teas. If you are giving an affair of this kind, ask us for an estimate.

STORE and CONSERVATORY

75 King St. West, Toronto

Card Plates ۞ ۞ ۞
Crest Monogram AND
Address Dies ۞ ۞ ۞

CARD ENGRAVING
EMBOSSING. ۞ ۞ ۞ A Specialty

MISS E. PORTER Stationery Department
Ladies' Work Depository

47 King West

The Bain Book & Stationery Co., 96 Yonge St. Toronto

Calling Cards

"Direct plate printing," only \$1.00 per 100. Postage 10c. per 100 additional on out of town orders. Plates can easily be sent through the post.

The Bain Book & Stationery Co., 96 Yonge St. Toronto

In a case in an Australian court, which went against the defendant, who rose up and gave his opinion of the judgment, and was fined 40s. for contempt of court, a £3 note was handed over to the clerk. "I have no change," said the clerk, tendering it to the offender. "Never mind about the change," was the retort. "Keep it: I'll take it out in contempt."

Fashion in Hair Dressing

Pompadour is entirely out of style in Paris and London. The Pompadour is replaced by the charming style of **Waves**, of which we give an illustration here. We have them in three different sizes—\$3.50, \$5 and \$7; with wavy hair on the sides, \$9; wavy hair on the sides and back, \$11.00. This style is most becoming to any face; it is elegant, and does away with the severe effect of the Pompadour style. There are very few ladies who can wear a Pompadour to suit.

The Paris style is a dainty little pointed bang. We have them in three sizes, at \$2.75, \$4.50 and \$6. They save trouble and time and are elegant in appearance.

We Have the Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Fine Hair Switches in Canada.

ARMAND'S HAIR STORE
TELEPHONE 2498 441 YONGE ST., COR. CARLTON, TORONTO

Turn Over a New Leaf

Promise yourself on the threshold of a new year to give up the worry and hard work and uncertainty when you want a nice, rich, nutritious soup after this, in a hurry.

One of those convenient little Soup Squares of highest quality (Lazenby's) makes 1½ pints of fine soup, and without any effort on your part either.

Lazenby's Soup Squares

Made in England, but sold Everywhere.

The Crompton Hygeian Waist

The leading physicians of Canada are loud in praise of Hygeian Waists, which are made in four different styles for Ladies, Misses and Children. These celebrated Hygeian Waists are perfect support, yet soft and yielding, and their removable bones allow them to be laundered without detriment.

The Ladies' Hygeian Waist is a graceful garment, and a truly economical one.

Sold in All the Stores

At Dorenwend's...

O' late we have added many new and pretty styles in Bangs and Wigs. In switches we have a tremendous stock, ranging in price from \$1 up. Strictly first-class hair only.

Call in or send for catalogue.

The DORENWEND CO.
Of Toronto, Limited
103-105 Yonge Street

The Largest Hair Goods Manufacturing Industry on the Continent.

For hair dressing appointments tel. 1551.

Here is a Bang

We are proud of, light, natural as life and made on a comb. Invented by us. Patent applied for. This is an entirely new design, and is superior in construction and more natural than any other piece of artificial hair goods ever produced for the front of the head.

We cordially invite all ladies in need of anything in our line to examine our stock of hair goods, which is the finest on the continent. And as we import direct and have had the choice of all the European markets, we can surpass any other firm for artistic styles and quality and at more reasonable price.

W. T. PEMBER
137-139-141 YONGE STREET
Tel. 2725, 3553

Easy, quick and handy way for a lady to dress her hair without the use of hairpins. Price 45c. each. We show you free of charge how to dress your hair on it.

Self-Dressing Combs

Easy, quick and handy way for a lady to dress her hair without the use of hairpins. Price 45c. each. We show you free of charge how to dress your hair on it.

Self-Dressing Comb—4c. each.

Self-Dressing Combs

Easy, quick and handy way for a lady to dress her hair without the use of hairpins. Price 45c. each. We show you free of charge how to dress your hair on it.

STORIES OF THE CANADIAN WEST.



LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

BY BLEASDELL CAMERON.

THE sidewalk was high and narrow, and Whyte-Johns required the whole of it. He imagined he was very sober. That was because he was abnormally drunk. He rolled along one side of the walk and his foot swung giddily over the deep ditch; then it came down flatly on the plank and he rolled over to the other side. Whyte-Johns had no difficulty in leaving whiskey out of the reckoning and accounting satisfactorily to himself for the eccentricity of his movements, the night being wet and very dark.

"Pharaoh's gods!" he muttered. "So good thing I'm so sober. Fellahs! I fuddled might drop off this scaffold 's easy—'s easy—'s out o' bed. Reg'lar tight-rope." He broke into a laugh. "I'd like to see Myrtle on his way 't' roost."

But a judgment was hanging over the curling brown head of Singleton Whyte-Johns, for it was one o'clock of a Sunday morning, and therefore time that all men and women with a pretension to respectability should be snugly tucked up in bed and asleep. It was a year or two before his marriage to Edith Black and his subsequent appointment as Indian agent by mistake. His thoughts drifted to Jessie Mathews and to the engagement he had given this little supper he was returning from to his intimate friends, to celebrate. What a charming girl she was! And what happiness should be theirs once they were settled down to housekeeping on their own account in the pretty cottage he felt sure her father intended to present her with upon her marriage! To be sure he had yet to ascertain the old gentleman's views concerning the future of his daughter, but, being temporarily in town, he was a guest at the Mathews' on her father's own invitation and he felt reasonably certain he would be regarded by the Judge as an acceptable son-in-law. It would be another case of the kneeling twain, the paternal hands resting upon their heads and the words: "Bless you, my children!" breathed over them.

He was so occupied with the bright picture he had drawn that he had entirely forgotten about the limits of the sidewalk. He was treading dangerous ground. He stopped of a sudden to recall his surroundings and then took another step forward. That step landed him at the bottom of the ditch; and when Whyte-Johns dragged himself, spouting tempestuous words and poor water, out of the ooze, he was a sight to behold. Or he would have been, had there been anyone at hand and the light had enabled him to see.

By the time he had succeeded in clambering back on to the sidewalk, Whyte-Johns was considerably sobered, and he therefore began to realize that he was still more than moderately drunk. He cursed



He rushed to the open window and looked out.

himself, quietly and energetically, for an ass, while he painstakingly avoided the edges of the sidewalk for the remainder of the way to the Mathews mansion.

Now there are many adhesive substances in the world, but Manitoba mud is famous in four continents as the most clinging and insinuating composition ever invented. In the days before asphalt and block pavements, the man who had the misfortune to slip and fall on a Winnipeg street took with him something when he got up which stuck by him while his trousers lasted. He might try to scrape it off with a knife when it dried, but the nap came with it and he left only thin spots in the cloth; for this fine, oleaginous, red paste of a soil, when it had the chance, took hold of the warp and woof of his garments like a bull-dog, and hung on.

At the door of the Mathews residence Whyte-Johns thoughtfully removed his boots. Then he let himself in with his

latch-key and slid softly upstairs to his room. He locked the door behind him and dropped into the nearest chair, with a long sigh of relief, to consider.

To appear again in this suit while he remained a guest at the Mathews' was plainly not to be thought of. Fortunately he had another very good suit in his trunk. But what should he do with his soaked and soiled attire? He could not put it in his trunk. He glanced across the room and noticed that the door of the clothes closet was open. The very thing! He had forgotten all about that closet. He tossed his boots across the room into it. His coat followed, then his waistcoat, and next his stockings, his trousers and his underwear. He chuckled to himself as the things flew, one by one, through the open doorway. His aim was unerring. He felt that he was much more sober than he had given himself credit for a few moments before. Also remarkably clear-headed and sagacious. He donned his pajamas and climbed into bed thankfully to dream of Jessie Mathews and bliss. It did not occur to him then as at all odd that light should come out of a blind closet. It did later.

It was late next morning when Whyte-Johns awoke. He might even have slept longer had his rest not been disturbed by the sounds of subdued tittering which rose from beneath his windows overlooking the trim lawn before the Mathews home. The day was fine after the rain of the evening before. One window was broad open and the fresh air came soothingly in. He opened his eyes slowly, for there was a dull ache behind them, and his gradual consciousness presently merged itself in a feeling of uneasiness which, try as he might, he could not shake off. It seemed somehow connected with the tittering below, and though this was pretty and musical it grew jarring and hateful to Whyte-Johns.

Suddenly he sat bolt upright in bed and gazed in consternation in the direction of the closet. The door was tightly closed. He must have been much worse than he had believed, for to the very best of his recollection he had not approached the closet the night before, and therefore could not have closed the door. He tried the bedroom door. Yes, it was locked; no one could have entered while he slept. With a still more pronounced sense of impending trouble he walked over and opened the closet.

On the hooks about the walls inside hung various portions of his wardrobe, but they were no part of his apparel of the night before. He rushed to the open window and looked out. This is what he

"Why, oh why did I pitch those ghastly things with such fatal accuracy!" he moaned. "I couldn't have done it sober and in daylight. Why couldn't I have smashed a window and rescued myself!"

He kept his room all day on a plea of illness that was not altogether feigned; and when darkness and quiet settled upon the Mathews household, Singleton Whyte-Johns stole down the stairs and out of the house like a thief in the night. Next day he sent a wagon for his trunk.

Few people know that Miss Jessie Mathews and Singleton Whyte-Johns were ever actually engaged, for the announcement of the engagement was no sooner rumored about than it was contradicted. Fewer still know the truth in the matter, or why, if there ever was an engagement, it was so suddenly broken off; and it is for the benefit of these that I now make known for the first time the facts in the case. And perhaps nobody but me knows that Jessie Mathews would have married Whyte-Johns just the same as if he had never attempted to conceal his disordered apparel on a Sunday morning on her father's front lawn—if he had given her the chance.

But he didn't. He never had the courage to see or write to her again. Which leads me to the reflection that Singleton Whyte-Johns was a coward and a cur. Because a man happens to confound light and darkness and mistakes an open window for a closet door, is no reason, in my opinion, why he should spoil a girl's life. What do you think about it?

Toronto, January, '99.

Danger in Soda.

Serious Results Sometimes Follow Its Excessive Use.

Common soda is all right in its place and indispensable in the kitchen and for cooking and washing purposes, but it was never intended for a medicine, and people who use it as such will some day regret it.

We refer to the common use of soda to relieve heartburn or sour stomach, a habit which thousands of people practice almost daily, and one which is fraught with danger; moreover, the soda only gives temporary relief and in the end the stomach trouble gets worse and worse.

The soda acts as a mechanical irritant to the walls of the stomach and bowels and cases are on record where it accumulated in the intestines, causing death by inflammation or peritonitis.

Dr. Harlandson recommends as the safest and surest cure for sour stomach (acid dyspepsia) an excellent preparation sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. These tablets are large twenty-grain lozenges, very pleasant to taste and contain the natural acids, pepsines and digestive elements essential to good digestion, and when taken after meals they digest the food perfectly and promptly before it has time to ferment, sour and poison the blood and nervous system.

Dr. Wuerth states that he invariably uses Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in all cases of stomach derangements and finds them a certain cure not only for sour stomach, but by promptly digesting the food they create a healthy appetite, increase flesh and strengthen the action of the heart and liver. They are not a cathartic, but intended only for stomach diseases and weakness and will be found reliable in any stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach. All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at 50 cents per package.

A little book describing all forms of stomach weakness and their cure mailed free by addressing the F. A. Stuart Co. of Marshall, Mich.

Only One Killed.

Lydia Avery Cooney, in New England Magazine.

"Only one killed!" the head-line reads. The glad news speeds: The newboys cry, "Killed, only one!" He was my son! What were a thousand to this one—My only son. Whose blood was spilled That bells might peal, guns fire, men shout, "Only one killed!"

Too Forward.

THE English lady whose reminiscences are entitled Foreign Courts and Foreign Homes, says that in her girlhood she was staying in Paris, and one day went to call upon her relative, Lord Malmesbury. He was not at home, and she took up a book and sat down to wait for him.

Soon the door opened and a gentleman entered. I, in my girlish ignorance, thought him rather free and easy, as he also sat down and entered into conversation with me. We discussed French politics, and he asked me why I wore violets. "Because," said I, "I am an Imperialist."

I also informed him that my sister was a poor, misguided Legitimist. We got deeper and deeper into politics. I told him how the different factions called the Emperor *Ce Monsieur-la*. I made him roar by telling him Montalembert had called on us yesterday, and how, during his

visit, we had heard a commotion, and all rushed to the window.

"What did Montalembert do?" asked my acquaintance.

"He made me furious," I replied. "For he was facing the window, and deliberately pulled his chair around, and said to me, 'I turn my back on him.' So I rushed at him, seized him by the collar and forced him to turn around."

My sister then entered the room and looked daggers at me for talking with an unknown Frenchman. Presently she walked out and my friend said:

"What a striking-looking girl! She is like one of Scott's heroines."

"And what am I like?" I asked eagerly. "You," said he, looking at me fixedly, "have a gift which belongs to few people, and which I should like. You have the gift of gab and no mistake!"

I was angry then and nearly cried with vexation.

"Are you coming to the Tuilleries ball next week?" asked he.

"No," said I, sadly, "I can't come. I have never been presented at our court. I would give anything to come. I have never seen the Emperor in my life."

An amused look came over his face, and I left the room to join my sister.

Then Lord Malmesbury came in, and I heard him and the stranger talking and laughing in the next room, evidently discussing some very good joke. Then Lord Malmesbury joined us, furiously angry. I was afraid of him, and so I determined to carry matters with a high hand.

"Who is your shabby-looking friend?" I asked, trying to put on a brave face.

"My shabby-looking friend is the Emperor of the French. A nice opinion he will have of my cousins!"

This was a downfall to my pride. I had talked too much! But next day there came an invitation to the Tuilleries ball, and I knew the Emperor had forgiven me.

Sacred.

Carrie Blake Morgan, in Lippincott. Deep in each artist's soul some picture lies That he will never paint for mortal eyes; And every author in his heart doth hold Some sad, sweet tale that he will leave untold.

The Valet Who Became a Prince.

THERE are few, if any, stories more remarkable than that told of Camillo Ventura, who a few years ago was a domestic servant, and is now the Prince of Caroviquo at the age of thirty-one.

Camillo is the son of a Trieste porter, and was born in the lowest stratum of Italian life. At an early age he went into domestic service, and, gifted with a handsome exterior and engaging manners, rose to be the valet of Count Killestein.

The Count's wife, by birth a Princess Odescalchi, and a member of the highest Roman aristocracy, smitten by the charms of the handsome valet, fell in love with him.

In a weak moment she made over to him about \$800,000, the bulk of her private fortune; and, having secured her money, the ambitious valet turned his back on the Princess and sought new fields to conquer.

His ambition was to secure a title, and he found the task an easy one. A destitute Italian Prince, the Prince of Caroviquo, was induced to adopt him as his son for \$8,000 in cash and a pension of ten dollars a week.

Thus the porter's son, at the age of a little over thirty, had blossomed into a Prince, and a recognized member of one of the noblest of Italian families.

Here his good fortune seems to have deserted him for a time. By wholesale bribery he has been elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies no fewer than five times, and as many times the Chamber has refused to admit him.

What the future of this adventurous young man may be can scarcely be conjectured; but it is to be expected that a man who was a valet in the twenties and a Prince in the thirties will reach a high station.

The Doukhobors.

Mr. Aylmer Maude, the translator of Tolstoi's *What is Art?* and the pioneer of the Doukhobor in Canada, admits frankly enough, in the *New York Outlook*, that there are backsliders among that sect.

"Not every Doukhobor lives his life free from the evils of covetousness. In their dealings with the rest of the world they are scrupulously honest and faithful in performing all that they undertake, but still the money element—which, by their own showing, is a sure sign that service is being rendered, not from love, but from some lower motive—is present in the transaction." Wherever the barbarous Russian Government has left them alone they have prospered; and even when banished to the inclement Wet Mountains of the Caucasus, where even the barley crop failed as often as it ripened, and left at the mercy of wild hill tribes, they have prospered and inspired respect. There were a few years ago fully 20,000 Doukhobors; there are now hardly 7,500 preparing to emigrate to the Canadian prairies. Of the 13,000 or 14,000 who are no longer in

THREE "Essential Points"

NO DUST
NO COLORING
NO ADULTERATION

Absolutely Pure. Always Delicious.

Sold in sealed lead packets only.

All grocers.

25c, 30c, 40c, 50c. and 60c.



their ranks, many have died, have been banished to Siberia, are in prison, or are lost from sight in exile in out-of-the-way parts of the Caucasus; but by far the larger part have not had the moral courage to withstand terrible persecution.

A Self-Sacrifice.

Not all the heroes were at Santiago. One of them came forward recently in Topeka, when the Santa Fe Railroad found it necessary to reduce the force employed in the freight department.

Among those who were to be discharged was a man with a wife and half-a-dozen children, and his salary was the family's only income. Lines appeared in his face as the expiration of his term of service drew near, and his eyes told a story of suffering and despair.

Dean Waters, a fellow employee, saw all this. It made him sick at heart, and his folks saw that something was the matter, but he kept his thoughts to himself. For a week he watched the other workman suffer in silence, and at night he could not sleep for thinking of the hardships in store for this man's wife and little ones. Then he made a resolve. Going to the head of the department, he said:

"If I resign my position, will you keep Mr. Blank?"

"Yes," replied the head of the department.

"Accept my resignation," said Waters, and he left the room without another word.—*Topeka Capital*.

A Grandmotherly Law.

The authorities of Kokoma, Indiana, have passed a by-law which may be said to carry out the curfew idea to its logical conclusion. After providing that no person under the age of eighteen shall appear on the street after eight o'clock in the evening there follows this clause: It is further provided that when a child comes home at the prescribed hour and finds its mother not present to hear its prayers and put it to bed it shall report such dereliction to the mayor of the city, whose duty it shall be to search for the absent mother until found, and if it should be shown that the mother was not on an errand of necessity or mercy it shall be the duty of the mayor to administer a reprimand to said mother.

Two Advertisements.

Boston Transcript.

I have just heard of some very good advertisements, one of which appeared in a Boston paper recently. The first is this: WANTED—An experienced and competent infant's nurse.

Haven't you known that kind of infants? Some of us have! The other is as good.

WANTED—An honest and intelligent woman to do a little housework and take a King Charles spaniel out for an airing daily. Must be a Protestant.

It is interesting to know that the faith of that King Charles is not to be corrupted.

How Paris is Talking.

Le Gaulois (Paris).

The hour has arrived, and our practical enemies are not the people to content themselves with a humiliation which would not leave any mark of British increase on the map. They have given us a slap on the face and we have said nothing. It is to be done again, for you understand well that we are to be pushed to the wall. For that which they wish to give us is not with the hand on the face, but with the sword driven into our bodies. They want

French China Dinner Ware

We are having a clearing sale of the balance of our French China Dinner Sets. Very exclusive designs and patterns—the reductions will equal about a third off the regular—and prices will range from \$25.00

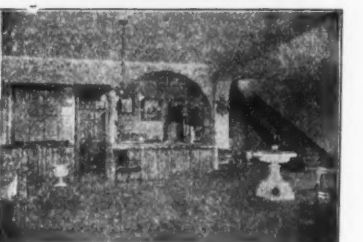
CHINA HALL
JOS. IRVING
49 KING ST. EAST

Bell Pianos

Built to last a lifetime.

Dr. HAYES' ASTHMA Cured to Stay Cured
Buffalo, N. Y.

OFFICE AND ROTUNDA



A Summer Rest

Will do you and your family good. You'll be happy here where we have everything for human comfort. Pure air, pure water, pure food, fresh fruit, milk and vegetables. Liberal table.

HOTEL DEL MONTE
PRESTON SPRINGS

Atlin and Yukon Gold Fields

Prospectors and others visiting above will find every requisite in Clothing, Underwear, etc., specially selected for these climates, at

JAEGER DEPOT, KING STREET W.

Traveling Outfits for Ladies, a specialty.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.—BEST IN CARPETS

Success in Selling Carpet Squares...

With Toronto people, and through the mails, our selling of carpet squares is a marked feature of present business. These squares are made from our best lines of Tapestries, Brussels, Velvets, Axminster and Wilton Carpets, made in sizes to fit almost any room. Prices run just about one-third less than the price of the carpets themselves by the yard.

TAPETRY SQUARES—Size 11-6 by 10-6, \$12.00. Size 11-7 by 10-6, \$12.50.
BRUSSELS SQUARE—Size 11-3 by 10-6, \$19.00. Size 12-9 by 12-9, \$25.00.
VELVET SQUARES—Size 10-2 by 10-6, \$20.00. Size 12-7 by 10-6, \$24.50.

Orders by mail always have prompt attention.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

34 King Street West Toronto

For Constipation

USE

Hunyadi János

NATURAL PEPERIENT WATER.

AND BE

Sure

YOU GET THE

GENUINE

ENAMELINE



**THE MODERN
Stove Polish**

**PASTE, CAKE
OR LIQUID.**

The only up to date Stove
Polish in the market.

J.L. Prescott & Co New York.

**HUDSON'S
SOAP**

A Fine Powder In Packets only
Will wash more clothes, and do more
work in much less time than any
other Soap.

SOAK YOUR CLOTHES
with HUDSON'S and the dirt
will slip out with about
half the usual
labour.

R. S. HUDSON
34 CHABOILLEZ SQUARE, MONTREAL
Sold in Handy Packets by All Grocers

P. D. Corsets

Exquisite Models. Perfect Fit.
Guaranteed Wear.

Will not split at the seams or tear
in the fabric.

Made in fashionable colors and
shades in Silk, Satin and French
Coutil.

Long and short waists. All sizes.
At best Dry-goods stores every-
where.

\$1 to \$30 a pair.

Keep in mind that Scott's
Emulsion contains the hypo-
phosphites.

These alone make it of
great value for all affections
of the nervous system.

It also contains glycerine,
a most valuable, soothing
and healing agent. Then
there is the cod-liver oil, ac-
knowledge by all physicians
as the best remedy for poor
blood and loss in weight.

These three great remedial
agents blended into a creamy
Emulsion, make a remark-
able tissue builder.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

SPOTS ON THE MOON

Some one has talked of cleaning the spots
off the moon.

If you let us clean your clothes, it will
not matter what the spots are like, we'll
get them out. Our ways of cleaning
clothes are thorough.

R. PARKER & CO., Dyers and Cleaners
Head Office and Works—781-791 Yonge
St., Toronto. Branches—50 King St. West,
201 Yonge St., 471 Queen St. West, 1207
Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East.
Phones—3037, 3610, 2143, 1004, 5698.

**BUY
Coleman's
Salt**

THE BEST

Every package guaranteed.
The 5 lb. carton of Table Salt is
the neatest package on the
market. For sale by all first-
class grocers.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES

Teaching the Girl and the Chaperone
How to Skate.

BY H. H.

"MAY I smoke?" asked I.
"Certainly not," said both em-
phatically.

I resigned myself to my fate.
The young sister-in-law was tall and wil-
lowy; her brother's wife was short and
plump. They were equally weak in the
ankles. They had done me the honor to
both want to skate with me at once.
Rather than cause bickerings in the
family of which they were ornaments, I
had consented. It was not the easiest
position in the world, supporting a short
young lady on one arm (I use the word
support advisedly), and a tall, if a trifle
younger, lady on the other, even though a
bund, consisting principally of two drums
and a cornet, did its best to make you
forget your other troubles. You had to
stoop on one side and reach up on the
other simultaneously, which I may say is
difficult.

"Now don't go too fast," said the short
person.

"Oh, no," said I.

"Don't go too slow," said the tall person.

"Certainly not," said I.

We skated in silence for a while. Every-
body seemed to be thinking. I began
grunting a vamp to the everlasting waltz
air droned out by the industrious cornet. I
marked two beats in the bar and the base
drummer would fill in the third with a thud.
It was rather an interesting exercise in a
way, but I was not allowed to keep it up.

"I'm afraid you're not a lady's man,"
said the short person after a minute or so.

"No," her sister-in-law agreed with
great spontaneity.

"I'm very sorry I don't suit," said I.

"You're perfectly idiotic," said the
short person.

"Yes, isn't he," agreed the other.

I was crushed with the unanimity of the
verdict, the more so from the fact that
while I felt there was a certain degree of
truth in the charge, I thought I had, up
till now, effectively disguised the fact.

"What's the matter with me?" I asked.

"Why am I idiotic?"

"Oh, because," said the short person.

"Yes," agreed the tall one.

"I see," said I reflectively.

We turned the corner in a masterly
manner.

"I'll tell you," said I.

"Yes," said they.

"You shouldn't merely call me names;
you should show me where I go astray
and pick me up when I fall."

"Excuse me," said the short person.

"I've enough to do to stand up myself."

"Me too," said the tall person.

"I meant figuratively," I hastened to
assure them.

"Of course in the literal
sense a fellow in my position hasn't time
to fall."

"If you're going to make insinuations
about our skating," began the short person.

"We won't play," finished her sister-in-
law.

"Well, what am I to do?" said I help-
lessly.

"Talk," said the short person.

"But I am talking," I remonstrated.

"Do as you are told," said the short
person, stamping her foot. Her ankle
turned and I thought for a moment that
we were all three going to stop and sit
down for a while.

"There," said the tall person indignantly.

"That's right, blame me," said I.

"You're awfully aggravating," said the
short person.

"Now try and be good," said the tall
person.

"All right," said I. "I'll reform. From
this out I'm a changed man. But what
am I to do?"

"Talk sense," said the short person.

"Say nice things to us," said the tall
person.

"Yes," said the short person eagerly.

"What about?" asked I.

"Compliment us on our skating," said
the short person, lurching heavily.

I thought for a while and they waited
hopefully.

"You skate like a couple of ducks,"
said I at last.

"Well, I like that," said the short per-
son.

"Yes, I understood the term duck was
a favorite," said I.

"You'll need a lot of teaching," said the
tall person.

"I guess so," said I.

The short person evinced signs of
fatigue. I accused her of it. She de-
nied it.

"You're groggy," I exclaimed.

"You're vulgar," she retorted, stagger-
ing but defiant.

"You'll fall if you don't stop and rest,"
said I.

"No, I won't," said she.

But she did. Her skate got into a crack
and down she went. I sat on her with
great firmness and induced the tall person
to do the same. Of course it was an acci-
dent.

"You'll never make a lady's man," said
the short person after I had dragged her
over to a bench.

"Oh, I hope so," said I.

"Never," she repeated.

"Oh, I don't know," said I, as the tall

person and I skated away. The tall per-
son and myself, I may say, understood
each other.

"You are getting lopsided," said Robin-
son to me next day. "One shoulder is
higher than the other."

"It's from sitting sideways at a desk,"
said I.

"You shouldn't work so hard," said he.

"Take more exercise. Try going to the
rink nights."

"I'll think about it," I said.

En Voyage.

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then, blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
What blows for one a favoring breeze
Might dash another with the shock
Of doom upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to wait me on my way,
But leave it to a higher Will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail.
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within the sheltered haven at last.

Then, whatever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

CAROLINE A. MASON.



Orator—Greater than Washington,
mightier than Napoleon, wiser than
Shakespeare—
(At this point the bust of the millionaire
had to smile.)

SCIENCE AND LIFE.

We are Indebted to the Former
for the Latter.

Science Gave us Dodd's Kidney Pills—
Dodd's Kidney Pills Give us Security
from Death—Mr. Charles Dean's
Case Proves this Claim.

LONDON, Jan. 30.—At this season, when
everybody one meets is complaining of
"the grip," "backache," or some other
similar complaint, it comes as a relief to
know that there are some diseases from
which people can free themselves at very
slight expense and scarcely any trouble.

When we find that these diseases have
for centuries been looked upon as incur-
able, and have carried hundreds of thou-
sands to untimely graves, we have reason
to be thankful to science and its votaries,
who have given us the means to free our-
selves from this horrible nightmare of
Death.

As everyone knows, kidney diseases
have, until less than ten years ago, been
looked on as utterly incurable. Hundreds
of thousands have died of them. Until
lately there was no medicine known to
man that would either relieve or cure
them.

To-day, thanks to the wonderful medi-
cine known throughout the civilized
world as Dodd's Kidney Pills, kidney dis-
eases are no more dangerous than a com-
mon cold.

Proof of this fact has been given by
thousands of startling cures, by Dodd's
Kidney Pills, of cases that the best phy-
sicians had "given up."

The latest evidence in this city comes
from Mr. Charles Dean, an employee at
the City Hotel.

Mr. Dean suffered for three years with
terrible pains in his back. He could get
no relief from any of the many medicines
he used.

One day a friend advised him to try
Dodd's Kidney Pills. He did so. As a
result he is now as strong and well as he
ever was. Dodd's Kidney Pills, he says,
are worth their weight in gold. So they
are to victims of kidney disease.

As It Is Spoken.

Farmer Serogus—Hoked times must hev
struck city folks.

Farmer Binks—Dew tell!

Farmer Serogus—They're hev'n' dinner
in ther evenin' an' don't 'thout supper.

The Old Homestead.

A Storytelling Showing that Liberty is Better
Than Land.

By MACK.

THE half-brothers, in furious anger,
would have fought, but they were
held back by weeping women. "I
will get even with you if I have to wait
twenty years," said one, and he went off
into the world, leaving the other in pos-
session of the farm. As the slow years
drew by his very name was forgotten.

Twenty years later, to a day, he returned,
and found his half-brother cutting thistles
by the gate.

"Let bygones be bygones," he said,
"for the sake of our mother's memory. I
have prospered and am called a million-
aire."

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed the farmer.
"Cowardly scoundrel! to run away pen-
niless and leave me the old homestead. I
have toiled early and late these twenty
years trying to make a living on it, but I
was forced to put on a mortgage; it grew
and grew, and now the company won't
take the farm for the money. Villain, you
have ruined my life, and for years I have
been laying for you." So saying the Patron
of Industry swung his scythe and hewed
his long-lost half-brother to the ground.

The assassin judged that they would
not hang him because he owed so much
principal and interest; nor did they, but
shut him in an asylum for the insane.
When his son, who now runs the farm,
visits him he seizes him by the arm and
stealthily creeping to the barred window
bids him fly.

"Poor old dad!" says the son on coming
out. "He thinks there's somebody or
something after me."

"They all have some such hallucina-
tion," says the superintendent, referring
to the lunatics, not the farmers.

"It's a strange notion dad's got," says
the son, as he goes off to buy a new plow
by giving for it a note-of-hand with a lien
on his goods and chattels.

The Wheel in Green Erin.

AN English gentleman, the owner of
an Irish estate near which a new
highway has just been constructed,
recently told an American (says *Youth's
Companion*) two amusing little incidents
of the introduction of the neighboring
peasants to the bicycle.

They had heard of bicycles, but until
after the new road was completed they
had never seen any. Then cyclists began
to travel that way, and the scenery was
very attractive; and they and their wheels
became the objects of much amiable and
inquisitive attention.

One of the earliest to arrive upon his
wheel met with a mishap. Coming to the
top of a steep and curving hill, he hailed
a native farmer and enquired if it were
safe to ride down. He was answered yes,
and he unwisely ventured to coast. As a
result, he shot off the road at the sharpest
angle of the turn, and man and wheel
went over a low stone wall together, both
sadly shaken and battered.

As the wheelman sat feeling his bruises
and dismally contemplating his machine,
he became aware of two interested Irish-
men regarding him with respectful ad-
miration.

"Sure, sir," said one of them, perceiving
they were observed, "twas a foine run-
ning lep ye tuk over, but will ye be able
to lep her back without any running
shart, do ye think, sir—a plain standing
jump, like?"

They were much disappointed to find
that not only was this feat beyond the
range of bicycling achievement, but that
the wheel and rider both had need of their
assistance to enable them to reach the
nearest inn. Outside this inn another
cyclist one day left his bicycle leaning
against the wall while he ate his lunch,
and through the open window heard a
group of natives descending upon the
machine from a scientific point of view.

"I tell ye boys," one man was assuring
the rest, "tis all a matter of electricity.
He shtears wid his feet, and he holds on
wid his hands, but 'tis electricity makes
him go."

There was a murmur of dissent, but the
village scientist continued:

"Tis like this," he said. "Ye've seen
telegraph-wires? Well, on a telegraph-
wire the electricity starts from one place,
and runs along quick and aisy till it gets
to another. But here in the wheel of a
bicycle the telegraph-wire is all criss-
crossed inside of a frame, and the electri-
city can't get out at all, at all. And so
it just runs round and round, like a
squirrel in a whirligig, widout getting
anywhere—but it takes the wheel along
wid it!"

This characteristically Hibernian eluc-
idation evidently satisfied the audience.

He Was Human.

THE late Professor Loomis of Yal-
repeated each year to the junior
class a course of lectures on physics.
The lectures were illustrated by
experiments, and in the one on compressed
air he explained the principle of the well
known air-gun.

The students of each succeeding class,
as they entered the room for this particular
lecture, found, on the side of the room re-
mote from the platform, a small target.
After explaining the operation of the gun,

A Woman's Reason

For doing a thing is generally a good one. Those that have helped swell
the sale of Ludella had several good reasons. Try it.

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA

Lead Packages.

25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

Iron and Brass Beds

We have the finest selection of Plain and Fancy Beds
in the city.

Our Brass Beds are all best English make. We
are direct importers and sole agents for two of the lead-
ing English makers. Prices always the lowest.

Schomberg Furniture Co.

651-653
YONGE ST.

"Getting Better"

Nearly everyone knows the delightful feeling of "getting
better" when the reviving appetite, too feeble as yet for heavy
goods, requires the most nourishing diet in a light, tempting
and easily digestible form.

BOVRIL

is an ideal food for invalids and convalescents. It rapidly
renovates waste tissues, forms Blood, Brain, Bone, Muscle,
and thoroughly fortifies the nervous system after prolonged
prostration.

BOVRIL IS LIQUID LIFE

Professor Loomis was in the habit of
landing three of its projectiles with
mathematical accuracy in the center of
the bull's-eye.

The professor was always applauded for
this feat, but his grim face, covered by a
tightly drawn skin of parchment hue,
never showed the slightest sign of gratifi-
cation or recognition of any kind. To him
it was apparently only a scientific experi-
ment to be exactly demonstrated.

One class of juniors, however, who had
learned of the immortal incident from
the then seniors, attempted a little experi-
ment of their own, the subject being
mathematical and scientific humbug.

Three puffs from the air gun, and
although the students saw that the bull's-
eye was perforated as usual, there was
not a sound of applause. Professor
Loomis looked a moment at the class in a
startled way, then at the target, and then,
with a degree of emotion he had never
before shown, exclaimed:

"Didn't it hit? Didn't it hit? Didn't it
hit?"

A roar of laughter, followed by even
more than the usual applause, showed the
professor that he had not lost his mathe-
matical accuracy.

His Knees All Right.

"What's the matter—are you weak-
kneed?" indignantly shouted an officer to
a bolting Irishman during the battle of
San Juan.

"No, sor; Oi ain't," replied the soldier.

"Oi'm runnin' 's fast's 'inny av thim."

A Plucky Woman Gone.

British Australasian.

Mrs. Keightley, the heroine of the inci-
dent in Rolf Boldrewood's *Robbery
Under Arms*, where a wife rides to Bath-
urst for money to obtain the release of
her husband from bushrangers, died at
the Prince Alfred Hospital on December
7. Some time ago she played in the drama

Baby...

KNOWS A GOOD THING
WHEN HE SEES IT.



**BABY'S
OWN
SOAP**

MADE BY
THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.
MONTREAL.
MAKERS OF THE CELEBRATED
ALBERT TOILET SOAPS.

Bail Up, which is founded on the incident
referred to.

Good Advice.

Office-boy—Please, sir, I'd like to go to
my grandmother's funeral this afternoon.

Employer—You should be economical.
Don't waste your grandmothers so early
in the season; save them for the deciding
games in the fall.

Ready For Anything.

"There are ways and ways of breaking
the ice," said the diner-out. "I once took
a girl out to dinner whose first remark to
me was: 'Do you talk or listen?'"

"I've an offer to go to work for a whole-
sale house. What would you do if you
were in my shoes?" After a careful in-
spection—"I think I would black 'em."

A certain elderly married man says that
he first met his wife in a storm, took her
to her first ball in a storm, proposed in a
storm, and has lived in a storm ever since.

"I am sorry, monsieur, but I cannot
consider your proposal. I shall never
marry." "Never marry! But, mademoi-
selle, what do you intend to do with your
immense fortune?"

Sylvia at the Tea Urn.

There's a trim little house at the bend of the
street,
Where the lace at the windows is snowy and
sweet;
And it's thither I wend, to that magnet-like
door,
When the silvery chimes in St. Mary's ring
four;
For four is the hour that sounds gay as a song
When Sylvia pours the Monsoon Indo-Ceylon.

'Tis a picture to see her bend over the urn—
Her slender white wrist with its delicate turn,
The violet depths of her eyes, and the glint
Of the gold in her hair that is matched by no
mint;

And then her rare smile! Oh, what rapture
dreams through
When Sylvia pours the Monsoon Indo-Ceylon.
The light in the room is so soft and subdued,
Just suited, I wend, to a bacchanal mood,
And the voice, ah, the voice of the tea making
maid
Has the low laughing lilt of a brook in the
glade!
Sooth, life is all joy, and the world holds no
wrong
When Sylvia pours the Monsoon Indo-Ceylon.

A Storm Is Brewing.
Your old rheumatism tells you so. Bet-
ter get rid of it and trust to the weather
reports. Scott's Emulsion is the best
remedy for chronic rheumatism. It often
makes a complete cure.

You can travel by the New York Cen-
tral as cheaply as by any other line. In-
tending travelers will find the train ser-
vice of "America's Greatest Railroad"
superior to all. New York passengers
are landed at Grand Central station—the
only station in the city—located within
from one to twenty minutes' walk of sixty
first-class

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, hand-colored, illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a single weekly issue without extra charge.

OFFICE:

SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING

Adelaide Street West - Toronto

Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE (Business Office) No. 1709

(Editorial Rooms) No. 1709

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year \$2.00

Six Months 1.00

Three Months50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY

LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 2 TORONTO, FEB. 4, 1899. [No. 12]

THE DRAMA



THE LITTLE MINISTER

THE People of Thrums, however amusing to read about, have always struck me, nevertheless, as mighty uncomfortable people to live with. Narrow, petty, dogmatic, they seem to accentuate the least lovable traits of village life. It may be that they are no worse than others. It may be that the strain of stern stuff in them makes them nobler than the average inhabitant of the small town as we know him in this country. But I don't think we know of any village as mean as Thrums, though we must confess that we know of none as thrifty. I know I'm a heretic, but, though I enjoy reading about them, I don't like the People of Thrums. Nor do I suppose it was part of Barrie's purpose in describing them to make us like them. They have their good points of honesty, industry and firmness to principle, and he showed us these qualities with the others not so lovable, and it didn't matter a work of art which side overbalanced the other. Many readers, I know, affect to like these narrow-minded Thrums people and gush about them ecstatically. I understand the town from which Thrums was modeled is visited by a certain number of tourists every year. I wonder how many of those tourists would have the temerity to go and attempt to live their own lives there, if the real villagers are as dogmatic and illiberal as the imaginary ones. But then, I'm not Scotch.

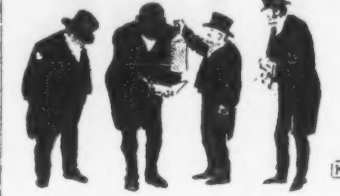
J. M. Barrie, founder of the kail-yard school, struck what many consider the masterpiece of the class in The Little Minister. He has been more lenient than the other authors of the Bonny Thistle Patch ilk. He has written fewer books, but each one has been of value. He is like a boxer who, instead of wasting his strength in many little taps, hides his time and puts all his weight into his blow when he does strike. The Little Minister



Nannie's story of the Rose.

THE LITTLE MINISTER.

the play differs most from the novel is in that Babbie is the central figure, not the Minister. I am told that this was intentional, the idea being to exploit Maud Adams, who figured in the New York production. If this is so, the effort has been successful. The situations are mainly Babbie's—in one scene the Little Minister has to look like the title role without a line for nearly ten minutes. Another point where there is a difference, due, however, to the company,



not to the play, is in the absolute failure, except in the case of Nannie, to reproduce the Scotch character—the kail-yarder and weaver, the Tammas's and Sneeky's of Thrums. Miss Mary B. Henderson, as Nannie Webster, however, was, as I say, an exception. Her dialect was Scotch, which was a detail rather neglected by the others, and, though a little more lovable, she was a typical old lady of Thrums. Babbie is the character, however, that improves with stage acquaintance. She was just a little hard to grasp in the book. On the stage one sees the real person, and the more we see her the better we like her. Miss Adelaide Thurston, as Babbie, was charming. Her conception differs from that of Miss Adams. I'm told, though one could hardly imagine the difference to be an inferiority. Miss Adams is weird as the Gypsy, Miss Thurston is ingenious. Mr. Horace Mitchell, as the Minister, was hardly convincing, owing, probably, to the discrepancy above mentioned between the play and the book in his importance. The play, nevertheless, is a strong one, and though probably inferior in many respects to the No. 1, the company is on the whole satisfactory.

I wonder if Babbie was wise in falling in love with and marrying the minister. To be sure, wisdom does not often interfere in such cases, but I wonder if she was thoroughly satisfied after she came to the manse to live. Gavin Dishart was narrow of course, and dogmatic, like the rest of them. There would be no compromising with a man like that. The Lady Barbara was of an entirely different school. She had been brought up amid the luxury of both mental and bodily comforts. Her conventions were comparatively broad and liberal. Yet here she was to live in a parlor fifteen feet by twelve and a half, with a firm-principled Auld

the dress-suit roles. Miss Browning, as Constance, was sweet and womanly, and next to D'Artagnan, the Queen's waiting-maid, was the favorite. The other parts, while not equally meritorious, were all intelligently done, and the production, which is, of course, a great deal more difficult than that of a modern farce-comedy, does the company credit.

The negro, I have been told, is a natural-born operatic singer. That he is a natural-born comedian is an accepted fact. If you doubt either, go to the Toronto Opera House this week and study the case for yourself. It is interesting anyway, and will employ your civilized intellect if it won't harrow up your barbarian emotions. In the show given by the octocons there is plenty of singing, con songs most of it, and I must say coons sing their own songs better than white folks sing them for them in a great many cases. There is also something really good in Madah A. Hyer's operatic selections, though her ballads were more popular. Mr. Thomas Craig, who possesses a delightfully deep and mellow bass, also is above the average. There is plenty of colored comedy scattered throughout the show.

The Toronto Theatrical Mechanical Association's annual benefit will take place on the afternoon of Friday, February 10, in the Toronto Opera House. An abundance of talent is always available on these occasions and next week will be no exception. The society is purely benevolent and members of the theatrical profession are always ready to lend their services. The orchestra will be enlarged to twenty-five pieces, the theater will be decorated, and all details going to make the affair an auspicious one will be seen to. The sale of reserved seats opens on Monday morning. The souvenir for the occasion is the handsomest thing yet devised.

It would be hard on the part of those who have lacked the opportunity for so long of getting a glimpse of the tragic drama, to select a more brilliant series of performances than is promised in the engagement of Madame Modjeska at the Grand the last three nights of the ensuing week. A Modjeska engagement would certainly not be complete without Mary Stuart—which she will present on Thursday night and at the Saturday matinee—any more than would have been an engagement of Edwin Booth without Hamlet. Macbeth, which will be presented on Saturday night, is not in the repertoire of any other player of prominence. It is probable that while Modjeska lives there is no one who would care to risk comparison with her portrayal of Lady Macbeth, and it is possibly for this reason that the play is seen so rarely nowadays. While the two roles mentioned are more or less familiar to local players, that of Cleopatra, which she is to present on Friday evening, will be entirely new, for even the play itself has never been given on the local stage.

Last February Monsieur Plancon made his first appearance in Toronto and received a tribute of applause that even Patti in her palmy days might envy. Three weeks afterwards he appeared here again and repeated his success before a large audience. Barring one or two great tenors, no male performer has equaled him as a concert attraction. This is all the more phenomenal because M. Plancon is a basso. He is a Frenchman by birth, and probably the greatest living exponent of the French school of singing. His platform presence is magnificent; physically he is the handsomest type of man conceivable.

M. Plancon will be accompanied by Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, whose recent triumph in The Messiah has made her name a household word in Toronto. This extraordinary young violinist, Maud MacCarthy, who has but recently attained her fourteenth year of age, may be justly termed a musical genius, as distinguished from what is generally known as a juvenile prodigy. Miss MacCarthy was born of Irish parentage in 1884 and ten years later made her debut in London. The young violinist has been twice honored by commands to appear before the Queen at Balmoral Castle, and among her most cherished souvenirs are some valuable presents bestowed upon her by Her Majesty to commemorate these events. Miss MacCarthy made her American debut two weeks ago at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, with signal success.

Miss Katharine Ruth Heyman, pianist, who achieved such a brilliant success at the Sembrich concert, has been re-engaged for this event.



Modjeska as Cleopatra.

The character is a mesmerist, so demonstratively weird and figuring in scenes so very sensational that the reviewers poke fun at it. However, the younger Irving is described as a clever actor.

All Paris theaters, except the new Opéra Comique, are full of fleas, according to Francisque Sarcey, the dramatic critic, who ought to know. He suggests that managers drive sheep into the auditorium before the performances to attract the pests, a method that is said to have some success in Spanish hotels.

William H. Crane will produce next October at Wallace's Theater, New York, a play of early New York by Brander Matthews and Bronson Howard, with Peter Stuyvesant as the star character.

Harold Blake, who is with the Yankee Doodle Dandy company, which comes to the Grand the first three nights of next week, was the leading tenor of the Cummings Opera Company last summer.

Cyrano de Bergerac has been performed for the three-hundredth time at the Porte St. Martin Theatre in Paris. Over one hundred and fifty thousand copies of the text have been sold in France.

Gerald Coventry left last week for Australia, where he will stage The Belle of New York. Fred Solomon, so well known in Toronto, takes his place as manager of the Casino stage.

William Gillette's new comedy, Because She Loved Him So, has made a great hit in New York at the Madison Square Theater and people are being turned away from the box office.

It is said that Julia Marlowe will begin her New York engagement next month by playing Collette, a comedy that was played at the Odéon, in Paris, last winter.

Sarah Bernhardt has finally decided to play Hamlet. She will make her appearance in the role in London next season under Maurice Grau's management.

Richard Mansfield has contracted with Charles Frohman to produce a new play under his management at the New York Garden Theater in October.

Julia Arthur, restored to health after her New York experience, opened in Boston last Monday in A Lady of Quality before a large audience.

De Koven and Smith's new comic opera, The Three Dragoons, has had its final rehearsal in Her Majesty's Theater, Montreal.

Monsieur Pol. Plancon.

CANADIAN audiences need no introduction to Monsieur Pol. Plancon, who will be the chief figure in the second concert of the Massey Hall course, on Monday evening. Last February Monsieur Plancon made his first appearance in Toronto and received a tribute of applause that even Patti in her palmy days might envy. Three weeks afterwards he appeared here again and repeated his success before a large audience. Barring one or two great tenors, no male performer has equaled him as a concert attraction. This is all the more phenomenal because M. Plancon is a basso. He is a Frenchman by birth, and probably the greatest living exponent of the French school of singing. His platform presence is magnificent; physically he is the handsomest type of man conceivable.

M. Plancon will be accompanied by Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, whose recent triumph in The Messiah has made her name a household word in Toronto.

This extraordinary young violinist, Maud MacCarthy, who has but recently attained her fourteenth year of age, may be justly termed a musical genius, as distinguished from what is generally known as a juvenile prodigy.

Miss MacCarthy was born of Irish parentage in 1884 and ten years later made her debut in London. The young violinist has been twice honored by commands to appear before the Queen at Balmoral Castle, and among her most cherished souvenirs are some valuable presents bestowed upon her by Her Majesty to commemorate these events. Miss MacCarthy made her American debut two weeks ago at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, with signal success.

Miss Katharine Ruth Heyman, pianist, who achieved such a brilliant success at the Sembrich concert, has been re-engaged for this event.

Miss MacCarthy made her American debut two weeks ago at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, with signal success.

Miss Katharine Ruth Heyman, pianist, who achieved such a brilliant success at the Sembrich concert, has been re-engaged for this event.

Miss MacCarthy made her American debut two weeks ago at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, with signal success.

Miss Katharine Ruth Heyman, pianist, who achieved such a brilliant success at the Sembrich concert, has been re-engaged for this event.

Miss MacCarthy made her American debut two weeks ago at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, with signal success.

Miss Katharine Ruth Heyman, pianist, who achieved such a brilliant success at the Sembrich concert, has been re-engaged for this event.

Miss MacCarthy made her American debut two weeks ago at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, with signal success.

Miss Katharine Ruth Heyman, pianist, who achieved such a brilliant success at the Sembrich concert, has been re-engaged for this event.



THE GENTLEWOMAN.

THERE are none other gentlewomen than those whose natures are gentle, refined, pure and steadfast. Gentlewomen, like poets, are born, not made. There is no episode too trifling or no crisis too grave to be met by the gentlewoman, and met with dignity and self-respect. If her nerves fail her, she flings herself upon her traditions. She infinitely pities, in a secret way, the people who have no traditions. She does it secretly because perhaps it may displease or annoy them to know of her feeling, and to displease or annoy her fellows is impossible to her. She has a delicate sense of honor; the gentlewoman could not defraud an individual, a corporation or a government; she pays her debts, her car-fare, her taxes, and the duty on her Paris gowns, with equal exactness and sense of obligation. She pays, even when she is sensible of overcharge, because one of her traditions forbids her to haggle, but equally forbids her to employ again the rapacious tradesman or workwoman. The gentlewoman is absolutely innocent of scandals. She would be more deeply distressed at having repeated ever such an innocent if unfounded report than her neighbor would at having inadvertently smashed a priceless bit of a friend's Sevres tea-set. She is a good church-woman, usually of the Anglican or Romanist faith, which two divisions of the Church most reverence tradition. She often has prejudices, and sometimes she is lacking in knowledge of the social and intellectual advances up to date, but she knows the benefit of charity in all matters and the danger of hasty conclusions. Some women are champagne, effervescent and fascinating; some are rich, red port, beclouding and passion strong; some are *vin du pays*, thin and a bit sour; some old Tokay, inspiring and exhilarating; the gentlewoman is pure spring water, cool, clear, crystalline, rippling from Nature's heart. She instinctively shuns marked and pronounced colors, opinions and fashions. A reserve, at once attracting and repelling her fellows, seems to enshroud her like a semi-transparent veil, now and then gently parted by a breath of impulse, a reverent touch of sympathy, or a stern word of self-control; she is not apt to be loquacious, another tradition being that as a gentlewoman she is entitled to respectful attention when she speaks. This leads her to consider, so that what she says may be worthy of hearing.

The gentlewoman is utterly loyal. No question of position, expediency, or any possible emergency can make her false to a friend, or careless of an obligation. She may break her leg and fail to appear at an appointed time and place, but if she receives a confidence she will hold it sacred; if she makes a promise she will keep it to the letter; if she gives her word no government bond is surer. A very high and exalted idea of the rights of others is one of her strongest traits. The gentlewoman may give up her share of a narrow sidewalk; she will never crowd over upon her neighbor's. Her maid-of-all-work is considered as justly and as carefully as the most exalted woman on her visiting-list.

A delicate sense of the fitness of things makes the gentlewoman sensitive to many crudities and idiosyncrasies of less well poised and informed persons. But she does not rail at them, and continue her torture by dwelling upon its cause. If one woman's taste in adornment grates upon her finer sense of fitness and harmony, she looks away; if another's violent opinions and utterances jar upon her she changes either topic or company, for one of her traditions is that strife and argument are unprofitable and bad for the digestion and the temper. In trouble and sickness she is a sort of balm upon the wounds of nature; in dishonor she is a wordless and griefed creature; in privation she is a brave and uncomplaining participant; in dispute and wrath she is a tender pleader for peace and forgiveness.

As a young girl, the gentlewoman is not assertive. She is conscious of her value, but does not put a ticket of market price upon her forehead. Love comes to her with a different face from the laughing one with which he waxes the common herd. He finds her rare game for his subduing, and she is hardly won. The sly boy pauses before her dignity, her modesty and her reserve. The world sees a quiet wooing and an imperceptible surrender; the angels turn from a world of careless, easily-captured maidens to watch the captivation of that white shrine, the young heart of the gentlewoman. With a gentlewoman a betrothal is almost a marriage. She grows in value as she takes up one of life's experiences after another. She is a wife worthy of wise old Solomon's highest flight of praise. Whether the man who wins her be good or bad she makes the best of him, and sometimes inspires him to justify her beautiful faith. As a mother she is the strongest power for good the world has yet known. Living her principles, she makes them more vital to her children than they are to herself. Her sons may be gray and her daughters wrinkled, but her lovely life will be as vivid and fresh an inspiration to them as it ever was. It may have been lived only for them, as they always believe.

Society will never know what it owes to the gentlewoman. She is so quiet a force, so gentle a savior, so silent a teacher, so wise a guide! One sees her here and there in the gilded halls, carefully gowned and gracefully moving, quietly conversing and attentively listening, receptive, sympathetic, reposeful; at the concert and the lecture, thoughtful, critical and appreciative, kindly in judgment and in-

terested in the success of the performers; at the play rising to enthusiasm over the heroics and melting to smiles at the fun, shunning vulgarities, and at sea with *doubles entendres*, quick to detect fine work and following the story with ever fresh pleasure. The gentlewoman has the gift of not hearing the things which do not please her, of not seeing unflattering sights. She draws herself into her seclusion, and the objectionable cannot penetrate it. She likes her dinner, her game, and her quiet chat, when, life's day waning, she puts her feet on her footstool and folds her careful, delicate hands. And when she goes away, society draws a long breath of regret—vapid, hurrying, feverish, and unsatisfied society sighs, "One of the old school," and goes humbly to her funeral.

KO-KO.

A Highflyer in St. Louis.



HE man with the red nose and the teeth about the bottom of his trousers had his feet on the table in the perfect attitude of the American philosopher. He was thinking deeply. His pockets were empty and his throat was dry. He had just expressed a wish for two dollars.

"Why don't you save your money?" asked his friend with the thin lips and the prosperous air. "Start a bank account. You'll never amount to a cotton hat until you do. A man's got to have money in the bank before he can have any self-respect."

"That settles me, then," replied the man with the red nose. "I'm a dead one, for I've taken a gilt-edged, four-ply oath by the wings of the three black angels never to put a cent in a bank. I tried it once out in Missouri and I've learned a lesson. I've got to spend my money to save the credit of the country. Why, if I should put any money in a national bank it would bust the next day. I tell you I tried it and I know. It's purely regard for the national credit which makes me insist so strenuously on blowing every cent I make."

"You're a hero," said the other man. "Why don't you start a kissing bee or a collection of swords?"

"Sarcasm, my dear sir," remarked the man with the red nose, "is extremely bad form coming from a friend with money to a friend without the same, but I'll forgive you and buy a drink if you will come up here to a place where I know the bartender. As we go I shall take the liberty of explaining my position."

"Once I lived in the great city of St. Louis—a charming town where everyone saves money. It's the municipal vice. They say there are men there who have the first nickel they ever saw, and upon my soul I believe them. If a man opens a bottle of wine, they think he's a stranger in the city or some poor unfortunate who has worked his brain awry. You've no notion how catching the money-saving habit is. It even got me after I'd been there a year and had earned the reputation of being the most profligate devil ever—and on \$1,800 a year, too."

"Well, I made up my mind to put by a little every week for a rainy day and all that sort of thing. As there hadn't been a bank failure out there since heaven knows when—oh, they all just had money to burn—I picked out a savings bank with a good reputation and deposited twenty dollars. Think of it. Me! Me! with a bank account. Say, why, I just swelled up and pushed my chest out like a drum-major. Oh! I was going to do all sorts of stunts. I was going to put in ten dollars every week. I was going to take a year's savings and buy suburban lots. I was going to be a rich, self-respecting, reputable gentleman with a family; going to be somebody I was—amount to something in the community, you know."

"That night I went to bed a different man. Upon my soul I was revolutionized. I dreamed I had a million dollars, and woke up in the morning convinced that it was a good omen. I went to business and worked harder than I'd done in months. When I went out to luncheon I bought an afternoon paper and liked to choke to death. The first page I saw right on the what page? 'The Bank closes its doors. Depositors lose everything.' Now, you know \$20 don't cut much ice with me, but this knocked me. If I'd spent it in a barroom or been touched, it wouldn't have fazed me, but, by Jiminy, to tip my whole nature over and nerve myself up to saving money and then have the whole thing go to pot—well, it was too tough for me—that's all. I took a car and went up to the bank. There I found a mob of howling maniacs who'd been saving money all their lives."

"I've got \$20 in this bank," I said to the big fellow who was standing guard at the door.

"Dot iss too bat," he said.

"But I only put it in yesterday," I explained.

"Dese udders iss more vorse off dan iss you," said he. "Day put deirs in more as two, tree years ago, and dey can'd ged id owid."

"They are a sight bigger fools than I am. That's right," I howled, "you're a lot of chumps, all of you. I'm glad the bank's busted—glad you lost your money. This will teach you to spend what you make. That's what I'm going to do. But I'll give you this tip. If you ever see me put a cent in another bank, pull your money out, for it will burn up or blow up before morning."

"Then I left them butting their heads against the bank building. But I kept my word. I've never put a cent in the bank since, and I'm not going to, either. I'd hide some in a stocking, but burglars would get that, so I just keep right on spending it a shade faster than I can get hold of it. By keeping a little ahead of my receipts, I'm perfectly sure of not breaking my resolution. Well, here's this friendly bartender. Come in now and help me increase my bill."

The Mouse and the Lion.

THE Mouse—in the shape of a London street urchin, capless, coatless, with bare knees and naked feet—sprang, with the help of an inverted flower-pot, on to the wall that surrounded the garden of the Deanery.

The top of the wall was protected with pieces of broken glass, but the Mouse seemed to have had experience of the place, for the spot he selected was quite smooth. He sat on the wall for a few moments gazing warily about the garden. There was nobody in sight, and he jumped to the ground and crept through some bushes until he came to the part where peaches grew.

The peaches were large and ripe, and luscious looking, and the Mouse eyed them lovingly.

With another glance up and down the graveled paths, he plucked two and placed them inside his shirt.

But the Mouse was in a difficulty. The peaches were numerous, and his clothing, being more or less in holes, was not suitable for use as a market-basket. Luckily, his interior was capacious, and he took a third and proceeded to pack it away safely inside.

Now, hitherto the Mouse had been cautious. But success ruined him, for while he consumed his next peach, instead of allowing his eyes to wander rapidly round the garden, he fixed them attentively on the peaches, wondering the while which should be his next victim.

Then it was that the Lion came—approaching, as lions will, with silent tread on the turf.

The Lion came in the person of the Dean, an elderly, corpulent, kindly gentleman, who owned the garden and peaches which the Mouse was plundering. The Lion caught the Mouse by the back of his neck; the Mouse squeaked, and a half-eaten peach fell to the ground.

"You wicked little boy," said the Lion sternly. "Are you aware that it is a sin to steal?"

The Lion held in his disengaged forepaw a light riding whip, which twinkled unpleasantly before the Mouse's eyes, and the Mouse began to blubber.

The Dean looked at the boy with an eye of stern sorrow. He was a kindly old gentleman. If a man injured him he forgave him readily, partly on principle, partly because it was his nature to forgive.

But there was one subject about which he was hard and obdurate—peaches.

He loved peaches. He might almost be said to worship peaches. It was a species of innocent idolatry. Morning and evening he paced up and down his garden, and looked lovingly at those of his own growth. He counted them, boasted about them, meditated upon them.

If you robbed the Dean of a five pound note he would have grieved—not on his own account, but on account of the sinner. But if you robbed the Dean of a peach he would chastise you, if a boy, and probably prosecute you, if a man.

To steal money was a sin, and to err is human. To steal a peach is a sacrilege which the kindest old gentleman in London found it impossible to forgive.

So the Lion led the Mouse to his study, flipping the riding whip in the air suggestively, and the Mouse blubbered silently, for he was almost too overpowered with awe to realize what was happening.

"And now, my son," said the Dean, sternly, "I shall chastise you. In doing this I am only studying your own future. Bend over that chair."

The boy's white, frightened face looked up appealingly.

"Lemme go!" he said, with a sob. "Let you go?" said the Dean. "You shall go when I have taught you how wicked it is to steal."

"I only eat one, and a bit," said the Mouse, plaintively. "I've got two more 'ere in my shirt. You can 'ave them back if you'll lemme go!" and he produced two peaches from his dirty little shirt, and held them out to the Lion, temptingly.

There was something humorously pathetic in his attitude and the Dean smiled.

After all he was a very little boy, and a hungry-looking little boy into the bargain—and the Dean laid the riding whip on the table.

Then he sat down and talked to him—talked to him not like a pompous old Dean, but like a big school-boy talks to another. For it had suddenly occurred to him that when he was about the age of the Mouse he, too, had not been above climbing into other people's gardens and helping himself to other people's fruit.

And after the Mouse had shaken off his fright he began to chat with the Lion quite freely, and told him all about himself, and how he came to climb the wall, and how many times he had done it before and all about it.

Then the Dean rang the bell and ordered cake and lemonade to be brought for his visitor, and when that was consumed he conducted him to the front door just as kindly and courteously as if he had been the son of a royal duke.

"Well now, my little man," said the Dean, as they stood together at the top of the steps, "we understand each other thoroughly."

"That's all right, governor," said the boy, cheerily. "I knows what yer mean. You won't catch me sneaking no more peaches, nor nuffin' else, so I tells yer straight."

"And look 'ere," he added, squaring his small shoulders, "you're a jolly ole brick to lemme go without a whacking, and if ever you wants a pal—I'm yer man."

This remark seemed to amuse the Dean, for he chuckled until the whole of his nice plump old face was wrinkled with merriment, and he slipped half a crown into the forepaw of the Mouse.

And the Mouse gave the Lion an encouraging nod and trotted down the steps. When he got fairly outside the gate he stood still and looked steadfastly at the half crown, turning it over and over in his hand for several minutes. Then he suddenly clutched it tightly in his right



POL. PLANCON,
Who Sings at Massey Hall on Monday Evening.

hand, snatched off his cap with the other and ran as fast as his little legs would carry him to his chums, to tell them of his strange adventures, and how the Lion had captured him and then let him go.

Some twelve years slipped away, and the Dean still jogged along in his comfortable, kindly fashion, becoming, as years crept on, somewhat less corpulent, but considerably more famous; for he had written a little book entitled *The Life and Adventures of a Street Urchin*, which had in some manner made a great hit, and found its way into every school and nearly every home in England.

People wondered how such a stately old gentleman had picked up such a wonderful knowledge of the slang and habits of the London gamin; but an observant and sympathetic man can learn a great deal in half-an-hour's intimate talk, such as the Lion had with the Mouse on the occasion of the stolen peaches.

Then came whispers of a Bishopric. There was a vacancy, and all parties conceded that the Dean was a man to whom nobody could object.

One night he dined privately with the Prime Minister. They were old school-fellows and close friends, but at such a time the Dean felt that the invitation had its significance.

He returned home by train, and walked from the railway station to the Deanery, to enjoy the cool night air, and indulge in a few innocent reflections on the Bishopric which loomed in the distance.

He remembered how as a young curate he had wondered whether he would ever get to the top of the tree. Without being a worldly or a selfish man, he liked success, as all people do who possess anything of excellence. Besides, he felt instinctively that there was good work waiting for him to do—work which he could do better than many others; and so, with his hat pushed back and his hands folded behind his back, he strode along, smiling in anticipation.

It was late, and the streets were almost deserted. Presently he came across a policeman who was busy taking an old, decrepit-looking man in charge.

The prisoner was helplessly drunk, but the policeman was treating him with a brutality which was quite unnecessary. With fist and knee he was literally knocking the old man along the road, and the Dean, moved by the spirit of chivalry, thought fit to protest.

"Constable," he said, quietly, "surely it isn't necessary to do that."

The constable gave his victim a hearty kick, which sent him sprawling in the gutter, and turned on the Dean.

"What's that to do with you?" he said, roughly. "We don't want no parsons interfering with us."

"But I shall not allow you to ill-treat that old man," said the Dean, firmly. "And if you persist in doing so I shall take your number and report you."

"Oh, you will, will you?" said the policeman with a sudden blaze of passion. "You'll take my number? Why, you're drunk! I shall have to run you in for being disorderly and assaulting me in the execution of my duty."

And without another word he knocked the Dean's hat off his head and seized him by the collar.

But the old gentleman had an Englishman's instinct for self-preservation, and without a second's hesitation he doubled his fist and knocked the constable down in first-class Eton style.

Of course it was a very foolish thing to do and a moment afterwards he regretted it, but too late. With a grinning face the constable picked himself up and blew his whistle.

"Now you've done it," he said. "I shall run you in and you'll get a month."

It seemed to the Dean as if the crowd sprang out of the paving-stones, for before he could collect his thoughts he was the center of a small mob and three policemen.

He broke into a perspiration. Here was

a situation. The Dean of Hampstead, returning home from a dinner party, charged with being drunk and disorderly. To be sure he could prove to the satisfaction of any rational man that he was not drunk. But all men are not rational. Sixty per cent. of the public would say that, even if he was not drunk, he had probably had quite enough. Under any circumstances the mere charge was an unspeakable disgrace.

And the Bishopric? Under such circumstances his best friends could not expect it for him.

His only chance was to be perfectly quiet, not to let his name be known to the crowd, but to get to the station quickly, and hope that a straightforward explanation to the superintendent would set the matter right.

In the meantime a hansom cab had trotted slowly up, and the driver was watching the scene from his post of vantage.

"You had better put 'im in my cab, Bobby," he said gruffly. "I don't suppose the gent will mind paying for it."

"I should prefer to use the cab," said the Dean, trying to appear quite composed.

But no sooner had the Dean got fairly in, than the driver said, "Old tight, sir," and the horse wheeled suddenly around, and sent crowd and policemen flying in all directions.

The Dean being inside, held on like

grim death, while the horse plunged and kicked in a way that effectually prevented anybody else from getting in.

Suddenly the driver gave the animal a flick with his whip, let the reins go, and away they went at racing speed, while three policemen and a small mob watched them in silent wonder.

Half after nine they went, and gradually the Dean recovered his breath and his thoughts.

He had escaped from a very nasty predicament—but how!

Suddenly the aperture at the top was opened, and a hearty voice said: "Well, gov'nor, 'ow's this for a beanfeast? I reckon we give 'em the slip pretty neat."

"I'm very much obliged to you, my friend," said the Dean; "but I fear you will get yourself into trouble."

"Not me," said the driver, confidently. "All three constables was about 'arf boozed. When I tells 'em in the morning all about it, they'll be precious glad I saved 'em from making fools of themselves. 'Ere we are, sir, at the Deanery. I took you a goodish way round to prevent trouble."

"Then you know who I am," said the Dean, in some surprise, when he stood on the pavement.

"Yes, sir, but I expect you've forgot the boy who stole your peaches some twelve years ago?"

"God bless my soul!" said the Dean, catching hold of his hand and examining

his face by the cab-lamp, "so it is. Why it's another case of the Mouse helping the Lion. Will your horse stand?"

"He'll stand for a week, sir, if I tell him to."

"Then come inside with me," said the Dean, taking his arm as cheerily as if he had been the Prime Minister himself, "and have a glass of wine. I want to hear all about you."

And the Lion and the Mouse went in arm-and-arm, and when the Mouse came out again he had a sovereign in each waistcoat pocket, and a first-class cigar in his mouth, and the satisfaction of knowing that he had for his friend the best old Lion in England.—*London Truth*.

Life's Unappreciated Ones.

BY ORLECOIGNE.

ONE of the most touching and pathetic of the stories which come to us relative to the great master Beethoven is one concerning his deafness, and also showing how little appreciation he received during his lifetime. This lack of appreciation and the injustice he received at the hands of his contemporaries, and his consequent poverty, in conjunction with the terrible tragedy of his life, the affliction of deafness from which he suffered, all conspired at last to make him seem harsh and bitter, to lead a life of seclusion and finally to become estranged from his friends, even from Hummel, with whom he was most intimate. The anecdote is somewhat as follows: Beethoven, being called to Vienna from Baden, where he was then living in solitude, by the urgent summons of a favorite nephew, for whom he had done much, and who again required his financial assistance, was unable to use a carriage, and was obliged to make a great part of the journey on foot. At one of his halts he obtained food and lodging at a poor, shabby-looking house, where, after the evening meal was over, the father seated himself at the clavier and the three sons brought out their violins, and began playing. They proved to be good musicians, rendering what they played with so much enthusiasm and even reverence, that Beethoven, though he could hear no sound, could plainly see their feeling.

"My friends," at last said he, "I am very unhappy in that I can take no part in the delight which I can see you are experiencing, for I also love music, but I am so deaf I can hear no sound; let me, however, read this music which produces in you such sweet and loving emotions."

As he looked at the notes which were shown him, the tears sprang to his eyes, his breath came fast and hard, and the hand that held the paper trembled, he was entirely overcome by his emotions. For some moments he stood thus, with lowered head. At last, looking up to them, with eyes dimmed with the mist of unshed tears, he faltered out in low, thrilling tones: "It is the Allegretto of my Symphony in A!"

When the simple peasants realized who it was they had entertained, they knelt and reverently kissed his hands to show him their homage. Suddenly Beethoven went to the instrument, bade them take up their violins and play with him. They seemed inspired as they were led by the great master whom their simple souls had been able to appreciate. It was his Song of the Dying Swan that they played, and which proved to be Beethoven's last recital, for the next morning found him very ill, tossing on his bed in a high fever. The physician who was called in told them that no human skill could prolong his life more than a few days. His old friend, Hummel, on hearing of his illness, forgetful of all unpleasant dis-

agreements, hastened to his bedside, eager to offer all in his power, to bestow every care and comfort on him. Beethoven, however, was almost beyond the power of speech. Shortly before his death he revived wonderfully. With the remembrance of the appreciation he had received at the hands of the simple peasants, his eyes became radiant and he gasped out: "Is it not true, Hummel, that I have some talent after all?" Then, exhausted, he fell back. He could not hear Hummel's eager, hearty response; his spirit had passed away to a world where, doubtless, he received what his sensitive nature so hungrily craved—appreciation.

One cannot, of course, vouch for the authenticity of this incident, but all know how little he was valued in his life. If but one hundredth part of the recognition which mankind has given to his genius since his death had been offered him during his poverty-stricken life, how it would have brightened it for him, and also doubtless buoyed him up to even fuller and higher expression of the art which he possessed! How it would have helped to lighten the burden of his tragic sorrow!

It is said that when he first realized he was becoming so deaf his grief almost bordered on despair. At last he could no longer hear the sound of his own wondrous music. He who had given such joy to thousands of mortals was himself debarred from enjoying it. There is no slightest doubt as to the truth of how keenly and terribly he felt his deafness, for we have his own words taken from his last will, which he made at the time of a long and serious illness some years before his death, in which he thus pathetically writes of it:

"Oh, ye men, who believe or say I am inimical, rough or misanthropical, how unjust are you to me in your ignorance of the secret cause of what appears to you in that light. . . . Born with a lively, ardent disposition, susceptible to the diversions of society, I have been forced to isolate myself and lead a lonely life. If I strove to overcome the isolation, oh, how cruelly was I driven back by the doubly painful experience of my defective hearing! And yet it was not possible for me to say to people, 'Speak louder, bawl, shout, for I am deaf!' Ah! how could I proclaim the defect of a sense that I once possessed in the highest perfection, in a possession in which few of my colleagues possess or ever did possess? . . . Doubly mortifying is my misfortune to me, as it must tend to cause me to be misconceived."

When we read these and like words of his, how near we feel we come to him and his sorrow, which is so pathetically, humanly real that the words of this will, read for the first time some seventy-odd years ago, seem to stand out from the haze of time and appeal to us as if written but yesterday. We see how this lack of appreciation, justice and encouragement darkened and clouded the great Beethoven's life, and to come down to our own present every-day life, how many of life's unappreciated ones are amongst us? If not geniuses, at least they are human creatures. It seems the fate of some natures rarely to be appreciated or understood; their work, be it, in the eyes of the world, important or insignificant, seems never to be recognized or valued. For such one's heart's sympathy has need to be called forth.

Of course when one reflects that such a genius as Beethoven scarce received any public recognition of his marvelous power, and that it was only after he was laid in his last resting-place that the world began to realize what he had been, one feels that just ordinary beings ought not to mind that his or her work in life receives no mark of approbation. To such unappreciated ones there ought to be consolation in the fact that many greater than they in genius, talent and beauty of character have gone to their graves unappreciated and unvalued. Still,

"As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes,"

even so long will the sensitive, sympathetic, loving natures, in all phases of life, hunger for just a little of the valuation which no doubt will be accorded to them, at least by some, after they have passed away from here to There—too late for them to hear—too late to brighten and lighten their sojourn here on earth!
Toronto, February, '99.

Humor of the Insane.

"I WAS sitting in my office the other day," said the superintendent of the insane asylum at Parlor City, "when one of the patients, a harmless fellow who is allowed to have the freedom of the building and grounds, came in, pale with indignation and said that he had a complaint to make."

"What is it, your Highness?" I said, for it was the Prince of Wales I was talking to.

"Are the rules of the palace to be observed or not?" he demanded. "I want to know whether our rules can be broken with impunity."

"Certainly not, your Highness," I said; "what is it?"

"I was coming down the corridor this morning," he said, "and in a rack on the wall I saw a dozen red pails, marked 'For fire only.' Now, is that right or not?"

"It is," I said. "The sign is correct."

"Well, then," he said, "John [referring to a keeper] must be punished. As I stood there he came along and filled the pails with water."

"He shall be executed at once," I said, and the Prince bowed with great seriousness and walked out of the room.

"This incident illustrates a trick which few people know anything about," continued the superintendent. "That is, that there is more unconscious humor about a lot of lunatics than there is genuine humor among sane people. Some of the things that my patients say and do are funnier than any of the things I read or hear from the outside world. I tell you, life isn't so prosaic as you'd think in an insane asylum."—*N. Y. Sun*.

Lawyer—Then I understand you to swear, witness, that the parties came to high words? Witness—No, sir; wot I say is, the words was particularly low.



Lady of the House, in dusting a vase with the assistance of the maid, accidentally let it fall—"Gracious, that costly vase broken! I wonder if you were so stupid as to knock it down, or whether I was so unfortunate."

Studio and Gallery

THE Academy of Design, New York, has just closed its doors upon a comprehensive and enjoyable exhibition of loaned portraits. There can be no more important exhibition, surely, than one of portraits. Considered historically, or from the standpoint of the artist, they are a sure index of that stage of development at which we have arrived. The local artists, as well as foreign contemporary artists and old masters, were represented, making an interesting collection, and one useful for comparison as well. In reading the account of it we cannot help feeling that the local art critic, or "inditer of appreciations," looks at the display with eyes upon whose retinas already bulks largely the Stars and Stripes.

We hear that our Woman's Art Association purpose having just such a display. It will be, no doubt, a very interesting event and a source of great pleasure to all art-lovers. The date has been fixed for early in April. Such efforts bring their reward in greater knowledge, greater activity in art life. A live organization can do much in this respect. We have often wished that the Ontario Society of Artists was more progressive or aggressive in its policy. As it is, we have to depend on the W.A.A. for special efforts as loan exhibitions, lectures, etc.—efforts which are important factors in the education of the public.

We acknowledge the work of the O.S.A. in its classes and in the Art School a most valuable and lasting work, and in its exhibitions, public and private. It is not, however, as active as it might be and needs new life. Its eyes have been turned too much inward, concerned with its subjective life as an organization. It falls sometimes to realize the claims of its objective life and miss public opportunities. It gave us a look at the Copley Prints last year, which was a good thing. There are many other things it might do, and might let us see. We have hungered for a sight of the four hundred and thirty (or some of them) life-size water-color drawings by Tissot, used to illustrate a Life of Christ. Better than Munkacsy, better than Holman Hunt, more scholarly than Doré, say the critics, full of passion and action. "The most nearly adequate attempt of our age to realize the scenes and the incidents of Christ's life." These have been exhibited in most of the large cities of the States. So near and yet so far. The collection M. de Monvel has brought with him is also being exhibited in many places, and containing, with other subjects, one of his set of mural decorations for the church at Domremy, the home of the Maid of Orleans—the interview of Jeanne d'Arc with Charles VII.—said to be so good.

The Lay Figure in the Studio often gives evidence of having more than cork or wood embodied in its cranium, and frequently gives expression to ideas which might have been looked for from a live professional. For instance, this is what it evolved last month: "Our commerce has killed the fine old chromos of the sixties, and our art is too unenterprising to supply us with a substitute." We say so too. There was worth and exclusiveness about the older chromos which gave them a title to consideration, and we were not at all degraded by possessing them. But nowadays who wants the chromo which has done duty as soap-box cover or similar work, and which has for commercial ends been reproduced by superficial methods which have destroyed its art value? However, we hope that our art is not so unenterprising as the Lay Figure, which necessarily is at home a great deal and cannot be supposed to know what the rest of the world is doing, would have us believe. Some of our persevering, probing continental friends will surprise us some day with the glories of their colored lithography.

It ought to be convincing to those unbelievers who are sceptical as to the fact that art is looking up here, to know that we now possess a "Fine Art Laundry." This proprietor knows the signs of the times and is governed thereby.

To-day is Studio Day. It is your

HIGH-CLASS WATER COLORS and OIL PAINTINGS

A Toronto gentleman, giving up housekeeping, desires to dispose of some high-class Water-Colors and Oil Paintings. They are by Harlo White, Homer Watson, Jacob, Calvert, Ernest Paton and Way.

On view at
AMBROSE KENT & SONS
136 Yonge Street
where full particulars may be obtained from MR. LUKE.

J. W. L. FORSTER
... PORTRAIT PAINTING
Studio: 24 King Street West

R. F. GAGEN,
Studio—90 Yonge Street.
Miniatures, Water Color and Ink Portraits.

MISS EDITH HEMMING
PORTRAITS, MINIATURES
Classes for Miniature Painting
Studio—582 Church Street, Toronto

WE keep the best selected stock on the continent in Water Colors, Oil Colors, China Materials, Draftsmen's supplies, and very requisite for artistic work in all branches.

THE ART METROPOLIS (Unlimited)
131 & 133 Yonge St. and 1, 3, 5, 7 & 9 Toronto Arcade, Entrance 133 Yonge St. Tel. 2124.

DO YOU NEED PAINT?
For Your House, Parlors, Bedrooms, Dining-rooms, Kitchens
Artists' Materials
For Oil and Water-Color Painting
China Painting
Crayon Drawing
Sketching
Modeling, &c.

THE E. HARRIS COY., Limited
44 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO



WINTER LANDSCAPE.

privilege to enter most of the studios of the city and get a nearer view of artists and pictures. If you are an art critic you will find food for your analytical mind—do art critics have analytical minds? If you are only an artist you will find suggestions and warnings. If you are of those who think "pictures are just too lovely for anything," you will pass through several stages of ecstasy. If you are the receiving artist—well, I am not the receiving artist, so I do not know. Anyway, it is nice to go to the studios every month, and you should be glad of the opportunity.

J. W. L. Forster has in his studio to-day, with other portraits, two very pleasing ones of the little daughters of J. W. Flavell—the elder, serious, contemplative.

"Standing with uncertain feet
Where the brook and river meet;"
the other, a merry little miss, who would not likely stand long in any one place. Both are carefully manipulated portraits, vivacious in expression, pleasing in color scheme. As this is studio day, we presume they can be seen at Mr. Forster's studio.

A large painting, The Heart of the Rockies, is now to be seen in the studio of F. M. Bell-Smith, 336 Jarvis street, with other smaller pieces of the same locality. The sky in the larger one is clear and cloudless. Against the sky and apparently into it extend the snow-clad peaks, clothed in the purple mist which the enchanting distance gives. Down the sides of the different peaks are variegated masses of color, forest and undergrowth and bare rock. In the foreground the rich green of the firs and shrubbery contrasts strongly with the purples and whites of the distant hills, throwing them well back. Painters of mountains on a grand scale are apt to be preaching to unappreciative audiences. It may be that because they are, as Ruskin says, "the beginning and the end of all natural scenery," they are really beyond our ken. It may be that the qualities which impress us most in them, as immensity, sublimity, we feel to be more or less caricatured when attempted on canvas. Mr. Bell-Smith has lived amongst them several summers for the express purpose of studying and reproducing them, and therefore we conclude that as nearly as they can be painted, so he paints them.

The following was clipped from an English journal: "We recommend those who are interested in public art in this country to look at the account given of the decorative work carried out at the new Paris Opera Comique. The exterior sculpture is by the greatest French sculptors of the day; for the decorative paintings in the auditorium, the staircases, and the foyers, a galaxy of the most gifted French painters have been employed; and all this paid for by the Government, for the public good and for the encouragement of national art. When shall we see such a thing in England? We have theaters with sculpture done by stone-carvers and paintings by decorating 'firms.'" So have we in Canada, my friend. Worse than that, we have not a public building of any kind, in Toronto at least, built with any intelligent combined art supervision. More, we have not one public building containing any permanent decoration executed by other than "firms." But this is quite between ourselves, and not intended for the ears of Mother England, for we really are ashamed of it. We are turning over a new leaf however, slowly it is true. The reformation has not reached the Government yet. "States are great engines moving slowly." We shall be thankful if the municipal rulers will recognize the impetus.

The bright little gatherings of the Sketch Club produce quite a little sociability, some clever figures and occasionally a portrait. The meeting at Mrs. Todhunter's, in Wellesley street, was quite appreciated. In addition to study of a model, was the further pleasure of rummaging through the very excellent collection of old china and relics of many lands. A vivacious little model, whose muscles "squealed" when put for a short time under restraint, posed consecutively,

that is, in a good many positions, in one sitting. Last Saturday, at Mrs. Denison's (Sultan street) a pleasant time was also spent. The ladies will remember that owing to the continued illness of Mrs. MacLachlan, Carlton street, the Club will not meet there to-night, but at Mrs. (Dr.) Boulbee's, Church street.

Those who spent Friday evening last at St. Margaret's College will not be able, it may be, to name consecutively all the principal events which have transpired since the garden of Eden, like Prof. McCurdy. They may not be able to give the street address of all of the lost ten tribes. They will know, however, many valuable facts—we presume we may take this for granted without any reflection on their intelligence—with which they were before unacquainted. Is it not peculiarly fitting that to art should fall the lot of being the substantiator in a peculiar way of the inspired word? With all our nineteenth century civilization we could yet learn carving from the materialistic Assyrian.

JEAN GRANT.

Books and Shop Talk.

What is the duty of a Canadian reviewer, or a commentator like myself, to Canadian books? Should he look at the book thus, or so? Having no particular literature of our own should the reviewer welcome a book heartily because that it is a book, and therefore an improvement upon nothingness, or should he subject it to the same tests that books must undergo in the outer world? This is an important question. If John Smith of Toronto writes a novel shall I demand of it as much as if it were written by John Smith of New York or John Smith of London? Our own John may live in a smaller field, he may lack incentive, leisure, travel; are we, therefore, to make allowances and accept from him what we would reject from others, or are we to frown upon his imperfections, and thus supply him with incentive, drive him to seek leisure and compel him to travel? I am inclined to think that our John



From Euston to Klondike.
By Julius M. Price.

should be equal to any John in the business, and if he is not he should wait until he is. He does not write under compulsion; he may refrain if he choose, but if he writes he should not expect applause on the ground that it is "not bad for Mary Ann," as Pete McArthur would say. No doubt the right view of it is that a book is not a Canadian book or an English book, but a book offered to mankind—the human race needs it or does not need it. The reviewer only injures himself, misleads the public, misleads the publisher (who is a business man and perhaps no critic), misleads the author, by necessarily praising books written by neighbors. We have a great deal of this in Canada, and novels wholly without art or interest have been puffed in the Canadian press until readers—not in the secret—might suppose that these novels ranked easily with those of Kipling, Hardy, Barrie and others who write for the English-speaking race. But the public is deceived only for a day. Exposure follows quickly on the heels of such deception.

I might speak well of a Canadian paint-

ing even though it would be a crude thing if hanging in a London or Paris gallery. It is going neither to London nor to Paris, but to the wall of my neighbor's house where it excels all the paintings with which it competes; but the Canadian book goes to London and to Paris and to New York, and it challenges comparison with the world's best. League together as we may to say the kind thing about the dull native book, dull and native it remains, and its fate is inevitable. I am resolved to sin less in this respect here after.

Diane of Ville Marie, a romance of French Canada by Blanche Lucille Macdonell, is a handsome volume published by William Briggs, Toronto. It deals with a romantic period of the country's history, consumes a wealth of material, yet I found it lacking in interest. History and romance are here thrown together, but not blended; they are present but not commingled. The reader jolts from one to the other, as does the reader of a newspaper who reads a poem and then a market report. Perhaps, in the next century, someone may be accused of plagiarism for taking the material of this book and shaping it into a masterly work. It is with regret that I speak thus of this book, which I opened and began to read with very hopeful anticipations.

Trevelyan's Little Daughters by Virna Sheard is another story by a Canadian writer, a Toronto lady, and published here by William Briggs. The writer has a distinct constructive skill and the result—whatever was intended—is a really meritorious novel for young people. The children in the story are interesting and mother eyes will perhaps often moisten in the reading of it. It is not a great story, but a good one, without a tedious chapter.

The other day in romping through several of the New York magazines to see if they contained anything not about the war, I happened upon several different paragraphs asserting that Mr. Frank R. Stockton is a humorist. It appears that some critics are saying that the United States has now no humorist—hence the flood of paragraphs that I stumbled upon. I can recall the time when Mr. Stockton was a humorist, but since that time he has written The Girl at Cobhurst. It contains some graceful and pleasant writing, but to still call its author a humorist is a generosity that can be expected only of his friends and publishers.

The fourth volume of Canada: an Encyclopedia of the Country, by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, has just been issued, and there is required but one more volume to complete this big and important work. In this fourth volume is contained the history of the churches in Canada, which occupied considerable space in the third. The general heads of the subjects treated are: I. History of Presbyterianism in Canada; II. Miscellaneous Religious Annals of Canada; III. The Universities and Higher Educational System of Canada; IV. Canadian Art, Music and Sculpture; V. The Canadian Militia and Military

The citrates, tartrates, etc., extracted from pure fruits, act on the system with the same beneficial results as the salt contained in the juices of fresh fruits. These salts are the foundation of ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT. The scarcity of fresh fruits in winter time makes Abbey's Effervescent Salt all the more necessary to the health.

All druggists sell this standard English preparation at 60c a large bottle; trial size, 25c.

The Celebrated India Pale Ale and Stout of John Labatt

can be purchased from all dealers in Wines and Liquors at the SAME PRICE AS OTHER DOMESTIC ALES.

When ordering, specify "LABATT'S," and insist on having what you order.

SUBSTITUTION THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

DON'T SHOVEL YOUR DOLLARS into your stoves without getting good results. Can't get good results from poor COAL.

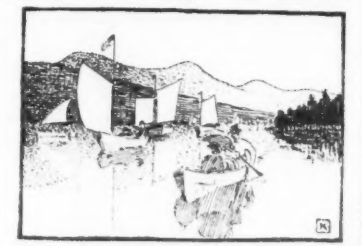
That's sure. If you come to us you will get the very best coal in the market. It's perfectly screened. It's free from all coal impurities, burns up to fine ashes. Prices fluctuate. So you had better buy now while they're low. We deliver anywhere in the city promptly. P. BURNS & CO., 38 King St. East. Shall we book your order?

THE **DOMINION BREWERY CO.** LIMITED
BREWERS AND MALSTERS
Manufacturers of the Celebrated **WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ALES**

The above brands are the genuine extract of Malt and Hops.

History, since 1837. To take section IV. alone, the information given on the subject of art, music and sculpture in Canada gives the volume a place that no other work fills. For the first time we find in print a record of the growth of the art of painting in this country, from its beginnings in Quebec, when Jesuit priests decorated churches, down to the present time. The bringing in of pictures during the revolution in France, the various visits of portrait painters from England and the Continent, the efforts and travels of Paul Kane—these things are all told and well told. By securing articles from various writers the editor gets the whole ground covered, and then, in notes, he deals with the art and artists of our own day. In section V, the military history of Canada is treated in the same way; our military experts write full accounts of the two Riel rebellions, the Fenian raids, etc., and the editor follows with all kinds of exact information as to our militia system and the men who have made it what it is. This encyclopedia will soon be indispensable.

From Euston to Klondike is the title of a book just published in London. It is by Julius M. Price, artist of the Illustrated London News. Mr. Price was in Toronto last year on his way to the Klondike.



Marsh Lake, Klondike.
By Julius M. Price.

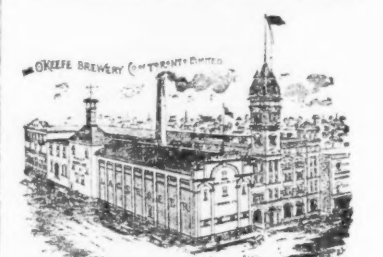
accompanied by Mr. Robert Jarvis Gilbert, word of whose unhappy death reached Toronto a few weeks later. Gilbert was sitting by the camp fire working with his revolver, when it accidentally discharged, causing his death. Mr. Gilbert had written several stories for SATURDAY NIGHT, and in passing through Toronto arranged to write some articles for us upon the trip north, to be illustrated by Mr. Price. Mr. Gilbert's untimely death prevented that, of course. He was physically a fine specimen of a young man, had done newspaper and literary work in New York and London, and was, I believe, related to the Jarvis family of Toronto. No doubt Mr. Price, in his book, does justice to the memory of his comrade. I reproduce a couple of the drawings as they appeared in the St. James's Budget taken from the volume.

Julia Marlowe, who used to pass her summers on a farm not very far from Rudyard Kipling's New Hampshire estate, received as a Christmas present from the author a copy of his latest book, The Day's Work. On the fly-leaf Mr. Kipling wrote: When skies are gray instead of blue,
With clouds that seem to dishearten;
When things go wrong, as they sometimes do
In life's little kindergarten,
I beg you, my child, don't weep and wail,
And don't, don't take to tipping;
But cheer your soul with a little tale
By Neighbor Rudyard Kipling."

A Difficult Corner to Get Round.
Til-His.

A German dramatic author tells a good story of an improvised monologue, to which he had to listen on the occasion of the first production of a new comedy. The hero had finished a tolerably long speech, and at that precise moment a medical

PREMIER BREWERY OF CANADA



One of the most complete breweries on the continent. Capacity, 165,000 barrels annually. Equipped with the most modern plant, including a De La Vergne Refrigerating Machine, 75 H. P., with water tower in connection; a 35 H. P. electric dynamo for lighting brewery and running several motors; a large water filter—capacity, 2,000 gallons per hour, through which water, after passing, is absolutely pure and is used in all brewings. Our improved facilities enable us to guarantee our products. European and American experts have pronounced our establishment and products equal to the best in their respective countries. Large Malt House and Storage in connection.

The O'Keefe Brewery Co.
OF TORONTO, Limited

PROF. O'BRIEN
Canada's greatest and Toronto's leading Phrenologist and first and (only) scientific palmist in the city. Large reception rooms and private office at his residence, 404 Jarvis. Patronized by the nobility and elite from every part of the world. Open till 10 p.m.

You Should See Them
Ladies' Tan Lace Boots
\$2.00—were \$3.00
Also odd sizes in more expensive tans selling at same price.

H. & C. BLACHFORD
114 YONGE ST.

man ought to have emerged from the wings; but he did not emerge.

"Ah, here comes the doctor!" began the hero afresh, in order to fill up the time; and he stared anxiously in the direction of the "prompt" side of the stage. "But how slowly he walks! One would imagine that there was no need for hurry. Now he has positively stopped to talk to a lady! What can he have to say to her? At last he is once more on his way. No—now he has stopped to talk to a man. Why, the doctor knows every body! Here he comes again. Thank Heaven!"

At that moment the doctor entered, but from the opposite side. For an instant the hero was taken a little aback, but with admirable coolness he recovered himself, and, as he greeted the visitor, exclaimed:

More Absent-Mindedness.

"Well, Professor, where were you on Sunday evening?"
"I was at home—and you, Judge?"
"I was at home, too!"
"Really—I don't remember to have seen you!"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

In the Public Library: "Please give me some of the Sorrows of Werther, but not all of 'em at once. I'm so tender-hearted."—*Fliegende Blätter.*



MUSIC

MISS ALICE CUMMINGS, solo pianist of Hamilton, and a pupil of Moszkowski, gave a very successful recital in St. George's Hall in this city on Monday night. The hall was crowded to the doors by a fashionable audience, among whom were recognized many prominent amateur musicians. Miss Cummings' programme included: Beethoven's Sonata, op. 27, No. 2; Brahms' Caprice, op. 70, No. 1; the Gluck-Brahms Gavotte, Schubert's Impromptu, op. 90, No. 2; two studies by Chopin, The Maiden's Wish, by Chopin-Liszt, and Les Etincelles and Valse, op. 34, by Moszkowski. Miss Cummings was given a very hearty reception and played her selections with a brilliancy and taste which scored for her a gratifying triumph. The numbers which were most admired were the Schubert Impromptu, the Moszkowski Valse and the Chopin Etude, op. 12, No. 10. The valse was played with excellent rhythmic swing and with rare technical nicety. Miss Edith Spring, a young student of most promising talent, contributed two violin solos, Godard's beautiful Adagio Pathétique and the favorite Chopin Nocturne. She produced from her instrument a fine full tone, bowed with considerable grace and firmness, and in her expression evinced a genuine musical temperament. The young lady, who is, I understand, a pupil of Mr. Baumann of Hamilton, made a most favorable impression. Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, the popular contralto of Hamilton, was the vocalist, and sang in her best style several charming songs.

Another piano recital of distinction was that given in Nordheimer Hall on Saturday last by Miss Katharine Birnie, well known as one of the most talented pupils of Mr. Harry Field. The audience which crowded the hall to the doors and was, as is usually the case at afternoon concerts, composed principally of ladies, gave the young soloist a most attentive and appreciative hearing. Miss Birnie opened her programme with two movements of Beethoven's Sonata op. 10, No. 3, in D major. This fine and vigorous work, which we hear far too seldom in public, was interpreted with an authority that was not expected, the reading showing a decisive grasp of the spirit of the composition and a sympathetic musical expression. Technically Miss Birnie is a well equipped pianist, her executive ability being well developed and her touch refined and firm. In her part of the Chopin duet for violin and piano, Introduction and Polonaise, she displayed a brilliant bravura style, her promptness and certainty of attack and her keen sense of accent being noticeable. Her three Chopin preludes were nicely finished efforts accurately performed. The Wagner march from Tannhauser was, from a musical point of view, well rendered, but was slightly lacking in tonal strength. Miss Birnie was assisted by Mr. Paul Hahn at the cello, and Miss Margaret Huston, our popular soprano, who sang several numbers very sweetly. Mr. Hahn played in the Chopin duet with considerable discretion and showed to advantage.

A new species of phonograph which is attracting some attention in New York is the graphophone grand, which was recently exhibited at the Waldorf-Astoria. It is a development of the graphophone invented by Mr. T. H. Macdonald, and it is said, gives a surprising volume of sound, louder and stronger than any human voice. It exceeds its predecessor in purity of tone and naturalness. In reproductions of speech or of singing it carries far and magnifies the sound in remarkable fashion. It is somewhat curious, though, that the new machine, it is said, lacks almost entirely the power to reproduce the soprano voice.

Miss Mary Waldrum of Toronto won a pronounced triumph on January 25 in Detroit before the St. Andrew's Society. The Detroit Tribune pays her a high compliment in referring to the purity and clearness of her voice, which, it says, is "as true as a die."

The Berkeley street Methodist church choir announce a sacred concert for next Tuesday evening. The following artists will assist: Miss Mabel DeGuerre, soprano; Miss Edythe Hill, contralto; Mr. Bruce Bradley, tenor; Mr. S. S. Martin, bass; Mr. Kleiser, organist, and Miss Florence Brown, organist. As usual at these concerts Mrs. Bradley will direct.

The graduating piano recital of Miss De Van on Tuesday night attracted to the concert hall of Loreto Abbey a large gathering of music lovers. Miss De Van won golden opinions for the very able manner in which she played a varied and taxing programme, including such representative compositions as Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata (first movement), Mendelssohn's Capriccio Brillante, and Liszt's Cantique d'Amour. She also played with Mr. Paul Hahn Chopin's Introduction and Polonaise for violin and piano. The qualities she displayed were a just sense of rhythm and metre, a well trained touch, and good technical powers. A light number that was rendered by her pleased greatly was Mr. W. O. Forsyth's Fire-fly, a piece of quite an ad captivum order. The solo vocalist who assisted were: Miss Flanagan, Miss Mangan, Miss Jordan, Miss Chapin and Miss Flossie Burns. All these young ladies showed pleasing voices and had evidently the

benefit of careful instruction. The St. Cecilia chorus of young ladies, under the able direction of Mr. Schuch, gave a couple of numbers, the most successful of which was Geibel's popular lullaby, Kentucky Babe, the accompaniment to which was played by the Banjo Club, supplemented by a few mandolins. The recital was most enjoyable, and having been commenced shortly after seven o'clock was concluded at a reasonable hour.

A new edition of Stainer and Barrett's useful dictionary of musical terms has just been published by Messrs. Novello & Co. The first issue of the work was made twenty-three years ago, and one of its editors, Dr. W. A. Barrett, has since died. Sir John Stainer has now brought the new edition thoroughly up to date, and has entirely re-written or enlarged many of the important articles, and corrected errors in others.

The London musical papers are making an outcry about the persistent omission of British compositions from the programmes of the orchestral concerts at the Queen's Hall, and at the royal concerts at Windsor. The Musical Times says that British music is ignored at all the best orchestral concerts except those at the Crystal Palace and occasionally at the Philharmonic Society. The question is asked in what other country under the sun would such a state of affairs be tolerated? The Musical Times ought to know that a similar complaint is made by the native press of the United States. I presume that the reason that British music is neglected is that the British public do not care for it, just as in like manner the people of New York are indifferent to the claims of their own composers, unless the music concerned happens to be comic opera. When British and American composers write music that appeals to the taste of their countrymen, they will have no reason to complain of neglect. This cry of indifference to native talent is an old cry after all.

Miss McCoy, one of our energetic young music students, has undertaken the getting up of a concert in the Guild Hall on Tuesday evening, February 7, the proceeds of which are to aid mission work in British Columbia. Sir Oliver Mowat and Miss Mowat have kindly lent their patronage to the undertaking. Several well known artists will take part in the programme, among whom are: Mrs. H. W. Parker, soprano; Miss Nellie Berryman, organist; Mr. E. S. Martin, tenor, and Mr. A. L. E. Davies, basso. Such a programme as these artists will ensure should receive a liberal patronage.

MONTREAL, Jan. 31, 1899.
Musical Editor Toronto Saturday Night:
DEAR SIR,—In the absence from town of Col. McLean, the Associated Board's Honorary General Representative, I must respectfully beg to take exception to certain statements in a letter in your last issue signed "Mus. Bac."

I fail quite to understand your correspondent when he speaks of the Associated Board's "English examinations" being "banned by Government authority." Has the Imperial Government interfered with the Board's work in England, Scotland, Ireland, or the town of Berwick upon Tweed, or is it the authorities in Australia, India, Gibraltar or the Cape that have been putting their feet down? If so, I have not been advised of it. In fact, by direction of the Honorary Secretary I have just distributed throughout the Dominion some thousands of the Associated Board's syllabus for Canadian examinations to be held in May and June next, and as yet stand in no fear of arrest, so there certainly appears to be a discrepancy somewhere.

I do not hold a brief for the Associated Board, but your correspondent plainly shows a desire for such unbiased examinations as the Board offers. I would also submit that it is possible that the work of a Canadian Institution established on the lines of the Associated Board might be "rendered abortive" if subjected to the same personal abuse and invective so freely accorded the older institution by those to whose palpable interest it is to keep things as they are. With them there would be nothing to choose between "King Log" and "King Stork," they want neither!

Yours truly,
P. BOLEYN WILLIAMS,
Sec. for Canadian examinations.

The concert given by the Guelph Musical Club on Tuesday, January 24, was the best attended given by the club this season. Miss Teresa Flanagan of Toronto, pupil of Mr. Schuch, was especially well received. This was Miss Flanagan's professional debut as a vocalist, and this, with the fact that the young lady was barely recovered from a severe attack of the grippe, makes her success all the more remarkable. The Guelph Advocate says "She simply captivated her audience from the first. . . All, especially lovers of classical music, were enamored with her renditions."

Mr. W. Y. Archibald left on Friday, February 3, for New York, to hear the last performance of The Ring at the Metropolitan Opera House. While in New York he will take a special course under the eminent voice specialist, Mr. A. Van der Linde. Mr. Archibald will resume his classes about February 18 at his studio, Nordheimer's.

bers besides encores and was most successfully carried out.

A very interesting essay was read recently by Mrs. Helen Root Graves on Popular Music before the Chicago Woman's Club, some portions of which may apply here with as much force as in the States. The essayist says: "Perhaps this is the place to enter protest against the quality of music that has been deemed fitting for Chicago. We acknowledge the necessity for popular music, but pray to be spared from a vulgar interpretation of the term. Let us have operatic airs, stirring marches and sweet melodies, but deliver us from another infliction of the Sunbeam Polka and Crackerjack March. If there is an audience that can hear Schubert's Serenade, Ave Maria and the Pilgrim Chorus without enjoyment, let us educate that audience, not pander to it. Mr. Theodore Thomas gave me the following opinion: 'I believe in free concerts for the people, but only when they can be given in accordance with the highest standard, on the same principle as giving free admittance to a gallery of great paintings. It is only genius that makes impression on the people, not second rate talent or orientalism. Music given in the parks must naturally be popular, but at present sickly sentimentality is mostly offered. Nor is the execution artistic, but commonplace.'"

Mme. Sembrich sang recently in New York to an audience which at popular prices represented more than \$5,000, and as she was the only star in the opera the result was very profitable to the management. The opera was La Traviata.

In the Woman's Home Companion Miss Katharine Junkermann gives the following advice to singers on the care of the voice: "Regular habits keep the whole physical make-up in good order, and have of necessity a great influence on the voice. Much use of the voice immediately after eating, sleeping or bathing is to be avoided, in fact at any time when the flow of the blood is greatly accelerated or any special set of muscles are actively at work, it is not wise. The very frequent use of smelling salts is not beneficial. Lemons, to clear the voice before reading or singing, should be replaced by the beaten white of an egg sweetened a little. Plenty of rest, food and air should keep our throats in order. But the throat is too delicate for much home doctoring. Go to a physician who knows all about it if an unusual cold settles there."

In a recent article in the New York World Mr. Senator Frye warns parents against sending their daughters to Paris for a musical education. She says: "My objection to Paris life for students is the total lack of decorous restraint which should exist between young people. There are no restrictions, and morals are entirely a matter of private concern, about which no one is supposed to enquire. This universal license cannot but be productive of sad results. I saw many sad sights, and I heard pathetic stories during my frequent visits to the Latin Quarter. I know whereof I speak when I say it is better for our young people never to learn art or music than to learn them under such terrible odds."

The selection of the American oratorio, Hora Novissima, by Professor H. W. Parker of Yale, for production at the Music Festival of the three English cities, Worcester, Gloucester and Hereford, at Worcester will do something to strengthen the present good feeling existing between the United States and Britain. This will be the first time, I understand, that an important musical work by an American will be produced in England.

The career of Sybil Sanderson, the California Nightingale, has been very adventurous. It is said that she has been forced to return to the stage to earn a living, as the death of her husband, Antonio Terry, has left her with but a small income. As she is only thirty-four, is a beautiful woman and has a fine voice, she has good prospects of success. One Czar fell in love with her, and she several kings. One prince killed himself for her, while Massenet and Saint-Saens admired her. She appeared last in New York at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1895. She can sing G in alt with ease.

The Canadian prima donna, Mme. Albani, has always been a great favorite with royalty and possesses more royal gifts, it is said, than any other singer. Her numberless jewels are nearly all mementoes of interesting occasions, and she owns signed portraits by the score. In 1887 the Queen honored her by pinning on her gown a jubilee medal, and William I. showed his favor in like manner when he gave to her the medal struck in honor of his eightieth birthday. Another of the Emperor's gifts is a large vase made in the Imperial porcelain factory of Berlin and exquisitely painted. One of her treasures is a wreath of faded silver which was presented to her by the people of Amsterdam when she and Jenny Lind sang there for the relief of the sufferers from a flood.

Since Emil Sauer's triumphant debut at the Metropolitan Opera House he has met with nothing but success. Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, as well as New York, have accorded him the highest possible tributes, the critics being unanimous in their praise, and the musical public testifying to his worth by crowding the auditoriums wherever he has appeared, and lingering on after the last number to give him recall after recall in their enthusiastic delight. "His shading, even in the rapid octave work, is perfection, and the tones, each distinctive in itself, ripple from beneath his fingers as soft as silk and as soulful as a cluster of chimes. In forte, as well as in pianissimo, he observes the expressive necessities to the letter, and his work in scale passages and arpeggio is a revelation," so says a Baltimore critic. Sauer's ability as a pianist does not run in any one particular channel. He is a master of technique, possesses the gift of magnetism, has the power of subtle

expression and the soul of the true artist. He will appear in Toronto at the Male Chorus Club's concert on March 2, the well known English baritone, Frangcon Davies, being the other soloist announced. The subscription list will be found with club members and at music stores.

Mr. Arthur Friedheim, the famous Russian solo pianist, whose brilliant playing when in Toronto may be remembered, has been secured as professor by the Chicago Musical College. CHERUBINO.

Just a Few Turf Notes.

CANADA has turned out some very fine jockeys in the past few years, as, for instance, Burns and Songer, whose services are in great demand on every American track where they appear. That they are not "bush-whackers" is proven by their successes in the fast company of the Eastern tracks. Mr. J. E. Seagram, it is said, has made Songer an offer for next year, and it is to be hoped that he will be able to get this Canadian to wear the Canadian colors of his string.

It is early yet to prophesy, but Mr. Wm. Hendrie certainly seems to have a fair chance with Martimas in the rich Realization Stakes. If this grand colt gets home first it will mean nearly \$30,000 more to his owner.

This country has a Hobson, but if this fellow ever becomes famous it will be as a land hero and on the Canadian circuit. The Hobson in question is a yearling trotter by Wiry Jim, the popular Canadian sire. He is the best-looking youngster that the writer has seen in some years, and is owned by Mr. Theodore Cook of Glen Williams. Mr. Cook first came into prominence as the breeder of Superior Girl, 2:17, by Superior, dam Crown Girl, by the well known Canadian stallion Crown Imperial. This mare was sold to J. D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil king, for \$2,000, and is now the pride of his stable.

Mr. Cook has a string of eight horses now, all good ones, and fashionably bred. One of them, Larry C, by Lorraine dam Crown Girl, the dam of Superior Girl, may be looked for as one of the fast ones on the Canadian track next year, if he does not pass into the hands of some outside buyer. Last year he won his first race in 2:30 and afterwards showed a private trial in 2:24.

Pheebul (affecting gruffness)—I am a plain, blunt man, Miss Brisk, and have no time for soft sentimentalities. Will you be my wife? Maud Brisk—I am not half so plain as you are, Mr. Pheebul, but just as blunt—No!

Mamma—What is Willie crying about? Bridget—Shure, ma'am, he wanted to go across the street to Tommy Green's. Mamma—Well, why didn't you let him go? "They were havin' charades," he said, ma'am, and I wasn't shure as he'd 'em yet."

"When I goes a-shopping," says an old lady, "I tallers asks for what I wants, and if they have it and it is cheap, and it's suitable, and I feel inclined to take it, and it can't be got at any place for less, I must alters take it without chaffering all day as most people do."

INCORPORATED TORONTO NOV. 2, W. ALLAN
1888
CONSERVATORY
OF MUSIC
COLLEGE STREET.

EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director
Affiliated with Toronto and Trinity Universities
Students prepared as Teachers and Performers, also for positions in colleges, schools, churches and concert work.
SPRING TERM OPENS FEB. 2nd
CALENDAR AND SYLLABUS FREE

CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION
H. S. LAY, B.A., Principal
Oratory, Elocution, Reading, Acting, Voice Culture, Orthopedic, Diction and Swedish Gymnastics, Greek Art, Statue Poising, Literature.
EDWARD FISHER
Musical Director Toronto Conservatory of Music
SPECIALIST in training
PIANO STUDENTS for
THE PROFESSION

MR. RECHAB TANDY
Teacher of Voice Culture and Artistic Singing, Best Methods and Results. Oratorio and Concert engagements accepted. Entire concert or partial programmes supplied. Address—
The Toronto Conservatory of Music
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

J. D. A. TRIPP
Piano Virtuoso and Teacher
Pupil of Moszkowski, Stepanoff and Leschetitzky.
Studio—2 College Street, Tel. 464.
Also at Rolleston House and St. Margaret's College.

VOICE PRODUCTION, SINGING
AND PIANO LESSONS
MISS C. A. WILLIAMS
Schools attended.
Residence—Roxton House, Studio—Messrs. Nordheimer's Building, 15 King Street East.

ELOCUTION
By Sara Lord Bailey with the leading selections of the day, including Miss Bailey's own original readings as given by her throughout England and America, with illustrations. Mailed to any address in Canada on receipt of price, \$1.25.
Address—SARA LORD BAILEY,
99 Concord Street, Lawrence, Mass., U. S. A.

H. M. FLETCHER
Choirmaster and Organist of Bloor St. Baptist Church. Voice Production, Artistic Singing. Studio—16 St. Mary St.
MISS ADA E. S. HART
CONCERT PIANIST
Pupil of the celebrated Leschetitzky of Vienna (teacher of Paderewski)
Limited number of pupils received. For terms, engagements, etc., address care of Messrs. Nordheimer, or at Harbord Street.

C. E. E. BRAME, Singing Master
Teacher of Piano and Theory
Specialist in Italian songs.
Studio—
201 Jarvis Street, Toronto.



PIANO ORGAN SINGING ELOCUTION
Largest Musical School and most eminent faculty in the Dominion. Every up-to-date facility for superior musical education. Special advantages offered to intending musical students. Students desiring to enter may obtain all information by addressing—F. H. JORDAN, Musical Director, 12 & 11 Pembroke Street, Toronto.

FRANK S. WELSMAN
PIANO VIRTUOSO
Pupil of Prof. Martin Krause, Gustav Schreck and Richard Hofmann.
Teacher of Piano, Theory and Composition
Toronto College of Music or 206 Sherbourne St., also at Miss Veale's School, St. Margaret's College and Haverhill Hall.

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
205 BLOOR ST. EAST

Students who wish to finish their musical studies under German masters in Germany can have instruction in this College in the German language in connection with their musical studies.
Arrangements may be made to give pupils lessons at their homes without extra charge. Accommodation for a limited number of boarders at moderate rates.
For Prospectus apply to
CHARLES FARRINGER,
205 Bloor Street East.

HAMILTON Conservatory of Music
HAMILTON, Ontario
C. L. M. HARRIS, Mus. Doc.
Musical Director

A thorough education in music provided in all its branches. Candidates for University examination in music prepared by correspondence. Write for Prospectus, giving full particulars as to fees, etc.

Toronto Junction College of Music
MISS V. MACMILLAN, Principal
MR. FRANK FIRTH and MISS DORA L. McINTYRE
Teach Voice Culture.

Mr. Schuch
71 Spadina Road

PIANO PLAYING
HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT, Etc.
For Professional and Advanced Pupils.
W. O. FORSYTH
(Director Metropolitan School of Music)
Highest technical advancement and interpretation.
Available studio days, 15 King Street East (Nordheimer's) Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Residence—112 College Street.

THEODORE WIEHMAYER
Leipzig, Germany
PIANO VIRTUOSO
Will accept a limited number of Canadian and American pupils.
Ferdinand Road Strasse
37 Parterre Links.

MISS FLORENCE BROWN
(Pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt)
Concert Organist and Accompanist
Teacher of Piano and Pipe Organ.
For terms, etc., address—130 Seaton St.

MISS JESSIE C. PERRY
(Pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt)
Solo Pianiste and Accompanist
A limited number of pupils accepted.
For terms, etc., Address, 104 Wood St.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART
... SOPRANO ...
Voice Culture and Piano
Address St. Margaret's College, or Studio U, Yonge Street, Arcade.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church. Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, and Miss Veale's School. 13 Dunbar Road Rosedale.

MISS NORMA REYNOLDS
Has resumed instruction in
VOICE PRODUCTION AND SINGING
Training soloists to fill church and teaching positions a specialty. Reception hours at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, 34, Mondays and Thursdays. Residence, 4 Pembroke St.

JOHN M. SHERLOCK
MASTER OF SINGING
SOLO TENOR
STUDIO—ROOM 5, NORDHEIMER'S, TORONTO, ONT.

MRS. DRECHSLER-ADAMSON
... VIOLINIST ...
Teacher at the Conservatory of Music. Conductor of Conservatory String Orchestra. Residence—573 Church Street.

MR. A. S. VOGT
Teacher in Advanced Piano Playing
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music or 64 Pembroke Street.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY
Directress and Leader of Berkeley St. Methodist Church Choir.
Vocal Teacher of Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, and Toronto Conservatory of Music. 130 Seaton Street, Toronto.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY
Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist
Will receive pupils and concert engagements. Instructor of Variety Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College.
Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Evening, at 98 Nassau Street. Telephone 1605

THE NEW NAUTICAL SONG
Sweet Nancy

BY FRANK PESKETT

PRICE 50 CENTS

B♭ (B♭ to D), C (C to E), D (D to F)

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

MR. HARRY M. FIELD
Of Leipzig, Germany
PIANO VIRTUOSO
Is prepared to receive Canadian and American pupils. 35 Grassi Strasse, or Prof. Martin Krause, 26 Brandvorwerk Strasse.

MISS DETTA E. ZIEGLER
... Soprano ...
CONCERT AND ORATORIO
Voice Culture Studio—423 Sherbourne Street
Soprano soloist Toronto
Sherbourne St. Methodist Church

TORONTO MALE QUARTETTE
MR. ARTHUR L. E. DAVIES, Musical Director, 158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

W. J. McNALLY
Teacher of Piano and Organ
Organist and Choirmaster West Presbyterian Church. Studio—32 Sussex Avenue.

MRS. FRED W. LEE
Teacher of Pianoforte
Krause method as taught by Mr. H. M. Field. 591 Spadina Ave., or Toronto College of Music.

MR. V. P. HUNT—Teacher of Piano
at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Organist Central Presbyterian Church, Musical Director of Demin Ladies' College, St. Catharines. Residence, 570 Jarvis St.

MADAME STUTTFORD, VOICE
Specialist (pupil of Sig. Lablache), Voice Culture, Italian method; correct breathing. Terms moderate. 183 Church Street.

MRS. ANNIE E. JURY
Voice production and artistic piano playing. Studio—68 Alexander Street.

MR. A. B. JURY—Organist and
Choirmaster Bond Street Congregational Church. Voice production a specialty. Piano and organ. Studio, 58 Alexander Street.

W. Y. ARCHIBALD—TENOR
Teacher of Singing
Studio—Nordheimer's, or Toronto College of Music. Church and concert engagements accepted.

LOYD N. WATKINS
303 Church Street.
Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.
Cons'y of Music, Ontario Ladies' Coll., Whitby

DONALD HERALD, A.T.C.M.
TEACHER OF PIANO
7 College St. Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MISS H. M. MARTIN, Mus. Bac.,
Graduate University of Toronto, certified teacher VOCAL and PIANO, of Toronto College of Music. Address 330 Church St., or Toronto College of Music.

MISS CARTER
TEACHER OF PIANO
380 Brunswick Avenue.

MISS KATHARINE BIRNIE
CONCERT PIANIST. Krause method, as taught by Mr. H. M. Field, Toronto College of Music. Studio—Nordheimer's, or 215 John St.

HARRY M. BENNETT
Humorous Vocalist and Entertainer
Open for concert engagements.
50 Cecil Street, Toronto.

STAMMERING, ETC.
Consult Messrs. Church and Hynde, specialists. CHURCH'S AUTO-VOIC INSTITUTE, 9 Pembroke Street.

JOSEPH HUGILL
No. 2 Alice St.
Near Yonge St.
Maker and Repairer of Violins, Etc.

DRESSMAKING.

MISS L. PLUMMER—MODISTE
2 College St. Tailor-made and Evening Dresses a specialty. Terms moderate. Room 23.

MISS M. A. ARMSTRONG
41 King Street West

Has just received a choice assortment of
PARISIAN AND AMERICAN NOVELTIES
Also the newest designs in

Hats and Bonnets

EDUCATIONAL.

St. Margaret's College
TORONTO
Cor. Bloor & Spadina Ave.

A SELECT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Modern equipment. Teachers in every department qualified for similar positions in Collegiate Institutions. Even in Academic, seven years in Musical and five in the Art Department. Six resident governesses. Careful supervision. Large grounds for physical exercise. For Prospectus apply to
Mrs. GEORGE DICKSON, Lady Principal.

British American Business College
Has re-opened for full term in handsome new premises
Y.M.C.A. Building
Cor. Yonge & McGill Sts., Toronto.
Enter any date.
[LIMITED] Prospectus to
DAVID HOSKINS, Chartered Accountant
Principal

PROFESSIONAL.

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND
Public Accountant and Auditor
Traders' Bank Chambers, Toronto.
(Phone 164)

DENTISTRY.

N. PEARSON
DR. CHAS. E. PEARSON
DENTISTS
Tel. 1978
130 Yonge Street, Toronto
Porcelain fillings and bridgework, gold crown and bridgework. Fees moderate.

The Wabash Railroad

With its superb and magnificent train service, is now acknowledged to be the most perfect railway system in America. The great winter tourist route to the south and west, including the famous Hot Springs, Arkansas; Old Mexico, the Egypt of the New World; Texas and California, and the beautiful Hawaiian Islands. Trains going by the Wabash reach their destination in advance of other routes. Wabash trains reach more large cities than any other railroad in the world. Detailed information will be cheerfully furnished by any railroad agent, or J. A. McLaughlin, District Passenger Agent, 100 East Corner King and Yonge streets, Chicago, and St. Thomas, Ont.

The Choice of Canada's Cultured Citizens

The instrument known to the Canadian public for a period of fifty years, and only good known of it, the famed

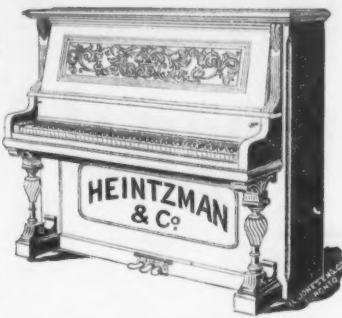
Heintzman & Co. Piano

and never in its long history was this piano in so high estimation among connoisseurs as to-day.

"My best wish for future great success of your magnificent concert grand piano which to play on was a delight."

P. BURMEISTER.

Toronto Warerooms: - 117 King St. West



When You Leave

FOR THE RESORTS OF

Florida and the South
YOU WILL NEED

A Basket Trunk

Light, Roomy and Strong.

SEND FOR

Illustrated Catalogue

FINE TRAVELING AND LEATHER GOODS

Dress Trunks

Steamer Trunks

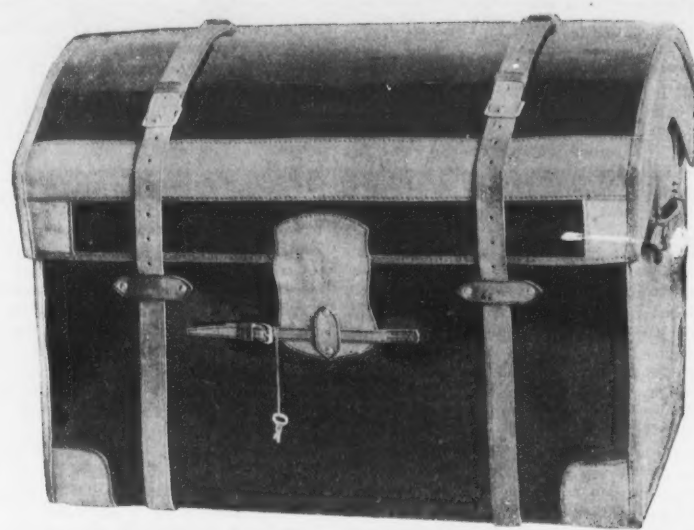
Hat Boxes

Suit Cases

Kit Bags

Bellows Bags

Toilet Cases, Writing Folios



The JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO.

LIMITED

105 King Street West

HENRY A. TAYLOR

DRAPER

FINE SUITINGS AND OVERCOATINGS
SPECIAL PRICES FOR FEW DAYS.

THE ROSSIN BLOCK, TORONTO.

J. YOUNG

(ALEX. MILLARD)

The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer

369 Yonge St. TELEPHONE 679

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

TO BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, PHILA-

DELPHIA, BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON AND

ALL POINTS IN THE SOUTH.

Leave TORONTO 9 a.m. daily (except Sun-

day); SOUTH PARKDALE, 9:07 a.m.; HAM-

ILTON, 9:51 a.m.

Arrive BUFFALO, 12 noon, connecting with

the famous BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS;

arrive PHILADELPHIA 9:16 p.m.; NEW

YORK, 9:53 p.m.

Leave TORONTO, 11 a.m. (daily except Sun-

day); leave HAMILTON, 12:30 p.m. (daily);

arrive PHILADELPHIA 7:21 a.m., next day; arrive NEW

YORK, 8:06 a.m.

TORONTO AND NEW YORK EXPRESS

leaves Toronto 6 p.m. daily; Philadelphia, ar-

rive at 8:56 a.m.; New York, 9:08 a.m., via West

Shore at 9:30 a.m.

Through Pullman and Wagner Sleeper, To-

ronto to New York, and Buffalo to Philadel-

phia. Also Dining Car, Hamilton to New

York, serving dinner, supper or breakfast,

on American or European plan.

Tickets over all lines, berths and all infor-

mation, 1 King Street West (corner Yonge),

Union Station and South Parkdale.

J. W. RYDER, C. P. & T. A., Toronto.

M. C. DICKSON, Dist. Pass. Agent.

CPR • CPR • CPR • CPR • CPR • CPR

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Westward Bound!

CPR • CPR • CPR • CPR • CPR • CPR

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

Births.

VYOND—Jan. 21, Mrs. Frank Vypod—a son.

MANN—Jan. 25, Mrs. James T. Mann—a son.

GALLOWAY—Jan. 29, Mrs. (Dr.) H. P. H. Galloway—a daughter.

ORTON—Jan. 26, Mrs. T. H. Orton—a son.

CLARK—Jan. 28, Mrs. (Dr.) H. John Clark—a son.

COOPER—Jan. 28, Mrs. J. H. Cooper—a daughter.

Marriages.

MACDONALD—SULLIVAN—Feb. 1, Overton F.

Macdonald, M.D., to Adelaide Sullivan.

MACDONALD—BULFIN—Jan. 3, Muriel M. Mac-

donald to Katharine Frances W. Bulfin.

STANTON—BRYAN—Jan. 23, Alfred Stanton to

Susan D. Bryan.

CLARK—ANDERSON—Jan. 28, John Murry

Clark, M.A., LL.B., to Anne M. Anderson.

Deaths.

BELL—Jan. 31, Burgoyne, Rev. John Bell.

HOWLAND—Jan. 23, St. Catharines, Mrs. H. O.

Howland.

MITCHELL—Jan. 28, John Kerr Mitchell, aged

53.

BENNETT—Brantford, Minnie Smith Bennett,

TURNER—Feb. 1, Andrew Henry Turner, aged

34.

MACNAH—Jan. 31, St. Angelo, Texas, Susan

MacNah.

COULTER—Jan. 30, Mrs. Andrew Coulter, aged

58.

SEYMOUR—Jan. 29, Mrs. James W. Seymour,

aged 55.

OATES—Jan. 29, Mrs. Isabella Oates, aged 82.

HUNTABLE—Jan. 30, Edward Huntably, aged 93.

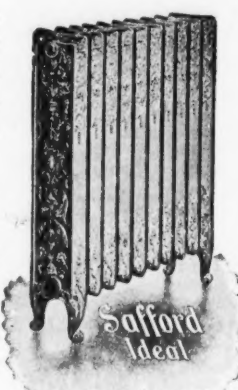
GAIRDNER—Jan. 27, James A. Gairdner, aged 76.

Experience Counts

A pioneer may win reputation by a novelty. For a day—for a year, it may be—a new thing may command some attention. Enduring success must be founded upon intrinsic worth. Merit usually wins by the unequalled test of experience.

And that is why the Safford Radiator—the ORIGINAL Radiator having the non-leakable, screw-threaded nipple connections, stands where continued leadership places it—at the head.

"Proofs wanted," you say? The business has grown steadily—it is the largest of its kind under the British flag. "Enduring success is founded on intrinsic worth."



The Dominion
Radiator Co.
Formerly Limited

TORONTO RADIATOR CO.
TORONTO, Ont.

The
Safford
Radiators

Mr. and Mrs. Murton, Mr. Murton, Mr. A. Williams, Mr. H. Williams, Dr. Ford, Mr. Coulthard, Dr. Mowbray, Mr. Chambers, Mr. Walker, Mr. Kirkpatrick and Mr. Guy of Ottawa; the Misses Glover, Mrs. Loscombe, Mr. Williams, Mr. Galbraith of Port Perry; Mrs. Meharry, Mr. Baird, Mr. and Miss Carnegie of Bowmanville; Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Moore, Miss Macdonald, Mr. Bowditch, Mr. Lockridge, Mr. Cassels, Mr. Saunders and Mr. Thompson of Toronto; Dr. Steddart, Mrs. Wishart of London; Miss Morgan of Montreal and Miss Herring of Nanaimo.

What the Argonauts can do, with their famous pull all together, was shown last evening at their very successful dance in Confederation Life ballroom, of which I shall give a full account next week.

The firm of Buchanan and Jones, the members of which are Mr. Buchanan of the Union Bank and Mr. W. Wallace Jones, have opened a stock-broking and financial agency at 27 Jordan street.

Dr. J. T. Clarke of College street, who has been laid up for the last six weeks with typhoid fever, has recovered and is now resuming his practice.

Mrs. Ralph Burgess, jr., will receive on Mondays during February at Northesk, Rosedale, the residence of her father-in-law.

The W. A. A. Saturday Evening Sketch Club meets this evening at Mrs. Alfred Boulbee's, Church and Gloucester streets, instead of at Mrs. MacLachlan's, as announced.

His Wife's Savings.

Detroit Free Press.
"DON'T suppose you have forgotten the panic of '33," said Dodson. "I certainly have not, for I had that unlucky year impressed upon me in a way that I will not soon forget. You remember how money disappeared when the crash came? Banks that were fortunate enough to escape going down in the general crash hoarded their money and refused to loan a cent, even upon the best security."

"I have always made it a rule never to talk business with my wife, and she, poor woman, never knew at the time the many anxious days that I had, for I tried to conceal my hopeless condition."

"At last it came to a point where I was without even a hope, and I staggered home with bankruptcy staring me in the face. I had made the fight and lost, and then, seeing all the savings of a lifetime swept away, I gave up like a man doomed to die, and knowing that no fate could ward off the blow."

"I knew that my wife must be told, so I took her in my arms and broke it to her as gently as possible."

"For several minutes she said not a

word, and I began to fear that the shock had been too much for her. I had told her that if I could only raise a small sum it might see me through the worst and enable me to get upon my feet again."

"Finally she spoke: 'John,' she said, 'I have always had a presentiment that some day something might happen, and whenever I chanced to have a little money that I thought I would not need I put it away in one of Willie's discarded toy banks. I haven't the slightest idea how much there is, but I have been adding to it for years. I will get it and we will count it together.'"

"I never knew until that moment how a man feels when he is relieved under the gallows."

"She placed the bank before me and I dumped the contents upon the table. There was a total of 73 cents, mostly in pennies."

"It was so comical that I had to laugh. But that laugh saved me. It drove away the gloomy thoughts with which I had surrounded myself, and I took courage again to look the situation in the face, and finally won out."

"I am still paying my wife her usual allowance; but I haven't the face to ask her if she is again putting aside for a rainy day."

A Victim.

O the grip—
The terrible grip!
I'm wondering still if he'll get me this trip!
If he'll cough me to glory
And I finish my story—
The grip—the terrible grip!

O the grip—
The terrible grip!
I'm wondering still if he'll founder the ship!
Or still keep a body
A-taking his "toddy"—
The grip—the terrible grip!

O the grip—
(Ain't it time for a "nip"?)
Be sure that the hour—the minute don't slip!
I'm almost a lucky
As folks in Kentucky—
So here's to the grip—to the grip!

—F. L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

The grip is again epidemic. Uncle Sam has a well developed case.—Omaha World-Herald.

"I see that Patti is going to marry again." "Yes; I wonder if this will be her farewell marriage?"—Life.

Drill master (to awkward squad)—A Mauser bullet will go through eighteen inches of solid wood. Remember that, you block-heads.—Puck.

Mr. Higbly—Where is that Book of Etiquette and Complete Letter-Writer? Mrs. H.—What do you want with it? Mr. H.—I want to write to the grocer to tell him I can't pay him.

"No," said the Cuban; "I cannot believe in the sincerity of the United States."

"Why not?" "They promised us our liberty, and the first thing they do is ask us to go to work."—Puck.

A Victim of Neuralgia.

Mrs. Roberts of Montreal tells a Wonderful Story.

She was a sufferer for some seven years and Medical Treatment failed to give her more than temporary relief. A "Herald" Reporter Investigates the Case.

From the Herald, Montreal.

"I thought it was something wonderful when I went three days without being sick," said Mrs. Annie Roberts to a representative of the Montreal Herald, referring to her remarkable recovery from an illness of over seven long years. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts reside at 34 Wolfe street, Montreal, and the reporter was cordially welcomed when he went to enquire as to the truth of the report that Mrs. Roberts had been restored to health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts came to Canada from England a little more than five years ago, and Mrs. Roberts' illness began while still in the Old Country. "I was really the victim of a combination of troubles," says Mrs. Roberts. "For seven years, neuralgia, with all its excruciating pains, has been my almost constant attendant. Added to this I was attacked with rheumatism and palpitation of the heart, and for the last five years was not able to get out of doors during the winter months. Sometimes I felt as though those terrible pains in my head would drive me mad; my nerves were all unstrung, and a knock at the door would send me nearly crazy. I was treated at different times by four doctors since coming to Montreal, but without any lasting good, and I had given up hope of ever being better on this side of the grave. A friend of mine whose father had been helpless for two years, but who was restored by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, urged me to try them. My husband asked the doctor who was attending me what he thought of them, and the doctor replied that he believed them to be a good medicine. This persuaded me to begin their use. No one who sees me now can form any idea of my condition when I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I had only taken three boxes when I began to recover. But seven years of pain had nearly shattered my constitution, and I did not look for a speedy recovery, and I was more than gratified to find that after I had used I think about a dozen and a half boxes I was fully restored to health. It seemed all the more wonderful because the doctors both in England and here never did more than give me temporary relief, and their treatment was much more expensive. The past summer was the first in years that I really enjoyed life, and I was able to go on a visit to Radnor Forges. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have also been of much benefit to my daughter Violet. She is just nine years old, but she suffered a great deal from pains in the back and sick headache, but the pills have made her feel all right again."

"I never fail to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when any of my friends are ill," said Mrs. Roberts. "While visiting at Radnor Forges, I urged a young lady friend who has long been a sufferer from curvature of the spine and obstinate constipation to try them, and they have done her a vast amount of good."

The reporter confesses that Mrs. Roberts' story is a wonderful one. That she is now thoroughly well is clear from her face, her manner, and her happy spirit. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts are intelligent and reliable people. Mr. Roberts is head engineer in the bleach works of Vial & Frere, the wealthiest firm in this line in the Dominion, and he fully endorses the good words his wife has to say in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In fact, he says the speedy cure they wrought in his wife's case has saved him many dollars.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have no purgative action, and so do not weaken the body. They build up the blood by supplying it with the elements which enrich it, and strengthen the nerves. In this way they cure all diseases having their origin in poor and watery blood. Always refuse the Pink colored imitations which some dealers offer. See that the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is on every package you buy. If in doubt, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. James Grace returned at the beginning of the week from Montreal. Miss Temple Dixon recited at Bond street Congregational church last evening. Miss Pyke is visiting Mrs. Charles Fuller of Dunbar road.

Major Macdougall left this week for Kingston, where he will take a course of several months at the R. M. C.

Mr. J. Kerr Osborne gave a very elegant little dinner at Clover Hill on Saturday evening to a dozen ladies and gentlemen. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Massey were the guests of honor at the pleasant reunion.

Among the many sweet-faced girls at Llawhaden on Thursday evening Miss Hankey, granddaughter of Mrs. Rowand, was much admired. Miss Hankey wore a simple frock of white silk, suitable to her debutante year, and not at all to be mistaken for the presentation gown in which she made her bow to royalty at a recent drawing-room. Mr. and Mrs. Hankey and Miss Hankey will remain at the Arlington for some months.

Mrs. W. C. Crowther gave a ladies' progressive on Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Stanger gives a tea next Saturday. Mrs. Mackay of Dundonald will be at Home next Saturday from half-past four to seven o'clock. Mrs. J. D. King will receive next Wednesday from half-past four to half-past six. Mrs. King's teas are always most enjoyable. Trinity College conversant next Tuesday and the Grenadiers' Shrove Tuesday dance on the following week are much looked forward to.

Mrs. Newbury N. Munro, (nee Cauldwell), of 65 Winchester street receives on the first and second Mondays.

Mr. Victor Cavendish, his wife, Lady Evelyn Cavendish, Captain Lascelles and Lady Sybil Beauclerc from Ottawa spent a short time in Toronto this week and put up at the Queen's. The two former well known people are now visiting Lord and Lady Minto at Ottawa, and the quartette had a jolly time while here, iceboating, visiting friends and taking in the sights of winter. On Wednesday they lunched with Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Patteson of Parkdale and in the evening returned to Ottawa on the Victoria, the private car of His Excellency the Governor-General.

Mr. Cousineau has just received a letter from Mr. E. X. Mercier from Paris, France, who states he has met with great success since arriving there and has made many friends. He has just contracted for a year's engagement with the Opera Comique, at 5,000 francs, which he secured through the influence of Mon. Bouhy, the great professor of singing, and Mon. Gailhard, who introduced him to Mon. Carre, the manager of the company. He feels delighted with his success, and wishes to be remembered to his many friends in Toronto, and particularly to those who helped him so kindly at his farewell concert here last May.

The ladies and gentlemen of Whitby gave one of the most delightful assemblies ever held in that town on Tuesday, January 25, in the Music Hall, which was beautifully decorated with bunting and flags. On the prettily-arranged stage an orchestra discoursed entrancing music through the evening until the small hours of morning. The floor was in splendid condition, which lent fairy wings to the many couples present. It was difficult to decide who was belle that evening, as there were many beautiful and elegantly gowned matrons and maids present. As many wended their way by winding staircase to the large hall below the ball-room, where was ample space for the many dainty tables laid for supper, which, with shaded lights, lovely flowers and appetizing viands, provided by the ladies, called forth loud applause from the fortunate ones present. Much praise is due Honorary Secretary A. H. Allin, as he performed his duties to every person's satisfaction. The patronesses were: Mesdames Downey, O'Donovan, Warren, Annes, Gross, Paxton and Waugh. Among the guests were: Mr. and Miss L. Allin, Mr. and Miss Annes, Miss Eastwood, Sheriff and Mrs. Paxton, Colonel and Mrs. O'Donovan, Major, Mrs. and Miss Henderson, Mr. W. J. Richardson, Capt. Theodore King, Mr. F. H. Howden, Mr. and Miss Dow, the Misses Smith, Miss Ormston, Miss Dartnell, Mr. Gross, Miss P. Brydon, Miss Watson, Dr. Woodrow, Miss Macdonald, Miss Nicholson, Miss Armstrong, Dr. and Mrs. Warren, Mr. Christian, Mr. and Mrs. Hatch, Dr. and Mrs. Waugh, Mr. E. D. Warren, Mr. R. E. Carswell, Mr. F. Loscombe, Mr. J. McLaren, Mr. J. McKay, Miss B. Hatch, Mr. W. A. Dent, and Mr. F. W. Billings of Whitby; Miss Blamey, Mr. and Mrs. F. Cowan, Miss McMillan, Miss Hyland, Miss Pedler, Miss Whitney,

THE PROVINCIAL TRUST COMPANY

TEMPLE OF ONTARIO BUILDING LIMITED TORONTO

TRUSTS of every description accepted. Acts as Adm. Instrator, Executor, Guardian, Liquidator, etc.

ESTATES money in any amount upon real estate or approved securities at lowest market rates.

LOANS Agent for Municipal, Railroad and Industrial Corporations.

FISCAL Securities always on hand for sale, suitable for investors and for deposit with the Dominion and Provincial Governments.

INVESTMENT Deposit Boxes for rent at from \$2 to \$30 per annum, according to size, affording a safe custody of valuables of every description. Special vaults for trunks and large packages.

SAFETY Free on application with name and address.

BOOKLET A. W. McDOUGALD Manager

TRUST & SAFETY DEPOSIT DEPARTMENTS